THE BYSTANDER
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APRIL 24, 1929

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The BYSTANDER

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NOTE: Clemence Dane writes on the Society's chosen books each month in "THE BYSTANDER."

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The BYSTANDER

BYSTANDER *Exclusive Colour Photograph* *Raphael*

A BRIDE OF THE MONTH

Mrs. Clive Loehnis, whose marriage to Lieutenant Clive Loehnis, R.N., took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last Wednesday, April 17. Mrs. Loehnis is the daughter of the late Major the Hon. Robert Ryder, the fourth son of the fourth Earl of Harrowby

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G.E. 18.

Hoppé

MISS ETHEL MANNIN

ETHEL MANNIN

Writes on

MEN IN LOVE

IT is by his reaction to an attack of love that the real character of a man is revealed. In my experience and observations men fall in love far more readily than women—in so far as one can generalise upon so complex a theme. Women are generally supposed to have a less acute sense of humour than men, but they certainly seem to preserve it better before an onslaught of love. There is always something in the feminine mental make-up which peeps round the corner with a metaphorical wink of the eye and a dig in the ribs, a shrewd remark, "My dear, it's up to you not to let this little romance develop into a farce; there's nothing like passion for making one ridiculous; one of you must preserve a sense of proportion—and you can't if you let your sense of humour go by the board." It is because of that shrewd little demon in woman that men are said to be the romantic sex. They have that fatal capacity for going the whole hog, which constitutes that negation of commonsense that the world has labelled romanticism.

THE extraordinary part is that men have been trained up to cherish the illusion that women like it. They point out to you how the women "adored" Valentino, and all the "perfect lovers" of the screen and the stage, regardless of the fact that they equally adore Tallulah Bankhead, Gladys Cooper, Vilma Banky, Greta Garbo, and all the other tempestuous, temperamental, passion-tossed women who play opposite their male equivalents. It means simply that other people's romances, particularly when they are fictitious, are always more satisfactory than the real stuff in real life. It is all very well, for instance, to read in an erotic novel that "he crushed her to him, bruising her lips under his," but worked out in practice it is uncomfortable, not at all amusing, and the net result is a bruised lip and a creased gown. I have yet to meet the woman (who had reached the age of discretion) who would voluntarily ruin a good dress for the sake of any man, even if his middle name was Valentino. Women don't like these ruthless lovers who kiss their eyes, their lips, their hair; eye-black runs, waves come out of hair, and lipstick comes off, and it is all very tiresome and ridiculous.

Next week's BYSTANDER *will be a Special Summer Sports and Polo Number containing over One Hundred Pages, many in colour. On sale next Wednesday at the usual price of 1/-*

Order early and make sure of your copy.

Many a woman has thought when she has been thus fiercely embraced by some ardent male that he would be much nicer if only he would kiss her hand and go away and write her a beautiful letter and send it round in the morning with a box of flowers from the Ritz-Carlton. . . . Only men don't know that, because women are much too kind-hearted to tell them, and they have been brought up to believe that women like to be made love to in the good old primitive cave-man fashion that was the vogue when we lived in caves and trees and wore even less than we do now. . . . Besides, men like to feel "her slim young form crushed in his arms. . . ." They become less enthusiastic about this crushing business when they have to provide the covering for that slim young form, and learn what dressmakers and beauty-parlour bills can be. . . . A little passion goes a long way, and the most successful man in love is he who has a nice regard for feminine sartorial effects, make-up, and sense of the ridiculous.

THE trouble with men in love, of course, as every woman knows, is that they do not distinguish between that fever of the blood which is the state of being "in love," and that steadfast flame of the spirit which is true love itself. It is conceivable for a man to be passionately in love with a woman he does not really like, and to love sincerely a woman with whom he is not "in love"; women can love men without being "in love" with them, but very few women have enough of the male attitude towards love to be able to be in love with a man without liking him apart from any fever of the blood. When a man

BY MUNDO

"They become less enthusiastic about this crushing business when they have to provide the covering for that slim young form"

says, "I love you," a woman usually feels that one never knows—and that when one does one can't be certain. If only they would realise it, men are capable of inspiring love in women much more easily through affection than through passion. Only very young girls put their faith in passion, and it is said that there are no young girls in that sense in these iconoclastic days.

Now love always appears to take men in one of two ways: Either they, as we say in this irreverent day, "come all over romantic," or they go "all strong and silent." I once knew a Frenchman who was so badly attacked by romanticism when he fell in love that he sent his beloved a Queen Anne writing desk with every drawer stuffed with violets—even the little secret drawers—and who always begged a flower from one of his lady's garters every time they met, which was as embarrassing for the poor girl as it was expensive, so that she had to give up wearing the things. . . . Now the romance is finished, and he is left with a drawer full of garters and floral trimmings. . . . Will he send them with a piece of period furniture to his next beloved?

A young man who was once rash enough to be in love with myself used to send orchids by air mail from Amsterdam upon every conceivable occasion, such as the anniversary of the day we first met and the anniversary of the day we last parted; he was such a romantic enthusiast that on the anniversary of my wedding to someone else he sent white lilac—flowers, so he said, laid upon the coffin of dead dreams . . . I ask you, has any one the right so to lacerate their own and other people's emotions? But men are like that. They will, when in love, strain a situation for the last drain of romanticism.

The strong, silent kind are not lavish with floral tributes or poetic letters. They know-how-divine a-thing-it-is-to-suffer-and-be-strong. If they had their way they would carry you off to the church or registry office to make an honest woman of you before you've had time even to contemplate being anything but honest. They give you nice little dinners in cosy little Soho restaurants, and talk to you about good books and the great out-of-doors; and they are addicted to taking you for 'bus rides on Saturday afternoons and making you tramp all over the landscape and drink vile tea at alleged farmhouses and country cottages, and given adequate encouragement will quote their one piece of poetry to you and call you "comrade-woman" . . . than which is there anything more calculated to give a nice, natural, modern young woman hysterics—or a fit of the giggles?

By Mundo

"A Frenchman . . . badly attacked by romanticism"

I think it is only natural that we should, all of us who have no complexes, but who have, thank Heaven, a sense of humour, prefer the blithe young Neo-Georgian whose intentions are strictly dishonourable, because with him one at least knows where one is. And usually he's Rather a Dear. After three dances and four cocktails he generally suggests a hop over to Paris or a week-end at Brighton, and when you have made the modern equivalent of the retort that you're not that sort of woman—"Oh, can that dope, dearie," I believe is the correct expression—he remarks with that delightful Neo-Georgian drollery that you are indeed a one, and let's "go on" somewhere . . . so you go on, and that's that. Three or four parties later you may decide that he really is a Precious Lamb, and if he hasn't anything better to do next Thursday, how about getting married? He says he'd love to, only he rather thinks he's going to marry someone else that day. . . . Or, well, something like that. It's all very casual, anyhow, and you probably go on knowing him for years without a lot of tiresome talk about "let us at least be friends," such as your strong, silent friend would suggest in the circumstances.

The trouble with a great many men in love, I have noticed, is that they bring altogether too much intelligence to bear upon it. They seem incapable of accepting it for the entirely irrational thing which in essence it is. They have a much sounder moral sense; women in love are not so much immoral, as a-moral; which simplifies everything considerably. Men must be forever stepping outside of the love-affair and standing a little distance off and considering it from the ethical angle; a woman in love never pauses to ask herself why she is attracted by this man, or to inquire into the nature of that attraction; man invariably asks himself those questions—and invariably lies to himself in order to justify this fever of his blood, this flame in his imagination, this deep unrest of his spirit. Woman says "I love," and her life flows to the strains of invisible music; man says "I am in love," and wonders what is to happen next. A little absurd are men in love, and a little pathetic, like Adam when he was caught pinching the apple, and in his nakedness and confusion could only murmur, "The woman tempted me . . . ."

E. M.

Next week Ethel Mannin will write on "Husbands and Lovers."

Photopress

WILL THEY WIN THE RYDER CUP?

The American golfers who meet the British team for the Ryder Cup on Friday and Saturday, held at present by America, photographed on their arrival at Paddington. Walter Hagen, the captain, is seen second from the right in the front row

The Passing Hour

Horses that Bloom in the Spring

THE thud of hoofs is in the air. More exactly, it is upon the turf, but no matter. With flourish of whip and spur, and the gay picture of the jockey's silken colours, Epsom Downs this week is bestirred with the feverish excitement of its Spring meeting. Telephones ring a glad music in the bookmakers' ears. "Tax free, tax free!" they cry. A week before the Budget speech my bookmaker wrote and said he would be happy to accept all my commissions without tax. I was surprised, even amazed, at his generosity. It was only after Mr. Churchill had spoken that the extent of his sacrifice was revealed. The owners of the runners in the City and Suburban are for me more interesting than their horses. Fohanaun may dash the hopes of his backers or send their finances cheque high, but sight of his owner, Mr. "Solly" Joel, cigar rampant, urbanity personified, will enliven my memories of the afternoon. He has just returned from South Africa with his family, and brought with him enough animals to start a miniature Zoo at his country place, Maiden Erlegh. It will be something of a family struggle, for Playboy, belonging to his

Edmund Harrington

The Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Waugh photographed in a garden in Cairo, recuperating after pneumonia. She is the youngest daughter of the last Lord Burghclere

A recent portrait of Lady Diana Duff Cooper. She is going to help her husband, Mr. Reginald Duff Cooper, M.P., in his election campaign in his constituency at Oldham

WOMEN AND THE TURF

Raphael

A DEBUTANTE'S DANCE

Miss Myra Tiarks, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tiarks, who is to be presented by her mother this Season and for whom a dance is being given to-morrow (Thursday). Her father is a Director of the Bank of England and a partner in the firm of J. Henry Schroder and Co.

brother, Mr. Jack Joel, is particularly fancied, and the two regard the race as an exciting trial for each other's horse.

Some Women Owners

EVEN if Lord Glanely's Grandisson will not carry his owner's colours to the post, Lord Glanely will be surely found in the paddock. Ten years ago he won the Derby with Grand Parade, and he is the owner of the largest stable in England, possessing eighty horses, under the assiduous guidance of Captain Hogg, with Gordon Richards as his first jockey, an enthusiasm for the turf that must cost Lord Glanely more than £30,000 a year.

Sir Charles Hyde, the wealthy newspaper baronet, had two-thirds of that figure offered for his horse Baytown last week, and if the ground is soft enough the colt will be seen at Epsom in the City and Suburban. Sir Charles refused the offer. Racing for him is a pastime and not a source of income. Lady Zia Wernher and Mrs. Sofer Whitburn are two of the six women owners who have entries for Wednesday's big handicap, and the elder daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia will only be one among many women to have her eyes fixed to her glasses when the horses dart under the starting gate.

Polo Reappears

HAVING ventured into the inviolable precincts of the racing stable let me boldly continue into the world of polo, for down at Minehead the season of sticks and ponies and muttered oaths at miss-hits has already begun. Not until May 1, however, will the polo grounds at Ranelagh, Hurlingham, and Roehampton be in proper condition for play. The season would not be what it is without Lord Wodehouse, and he will be playing for the Old Etonians, at back, whereat there are still few to touch him. The two crack teams are the Hurricanes and El Gordo, and with Mr. "Laddie" Sanford, Captain Roark, Wing-Commander Wise, and Major Harrison playing for the former, and the Duke of Peñeranda—so slight a figure upon his pony you

A NORTHERN WEDDING C. H. Balmain

A photograph taken after the wedding at St. Baldred's, North Berwick, of the Hon. Diana Dundas, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Melville, and Mr. Morough Bernard. The group shows, front row: the Hon. Mrs. Charles Strutt, the mother of the bridegroom (left), Viscount Melville, the bride and bridegroom, and Viscountess Melville. Back row: Lady Cynthia Tothill (left), Mr. Ronald Tufnell, the best man, and Miss Ogilvie

Alfieri

Mrs. Arthur Heald, weighing-out after finishing third on her horse, Shepherd's Pie, in the Nomination Race at the West Kent Point-to-Point. The racing took place at Sundridge, near Sevenoaks

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M. P. S AND LITERATURE

Amongst the No-Brows

I HAVE never thought the Gate Theatre so successful in their more pretentious surroundings underneath Charing Cross Station as they were in the delightful informality of, apparently, a barn in Long Acre, and their selection of plays seems to be prejudiced by their change of address. I feel only a no-brow could be persuaded that their present production is anything but transpontine melodrama served up as German expressionism, or whatever the trick phrase is now. The best part of the thing was the title, *The Race with the Shadow*, and the best part of the production the setting, alone worth a visit. When the lights went up I found near me Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare, whose husband was once upon a time Mr. Lloyd George's secretary and in the House; now he is trying to come back to St. Stephen's at the expense of Socialist or Conservative at Norwich. As personality counts so much in modern politics I have a little sympathy for those Conservatives and Socialists who have to resist the persuasive enthusiasm of Mrs. Shakespeare. They will find it so hard. One thing that provokes my envy is that she is the possessor of an electric brougham which she drives herself with nonchalant speed. Horrible as London traffic is, it always seems to melt away to let that brougham pass, however congested the street.

Lafayette

LADY VICTORIA HAIG

The second daughter of the late Field-Marshal the Earl Haig and of Countess Haig, of Bemersyde, whose engagement to Mr. Claud Andrew Montagu-Douglas-Scott has been announced. Her fiance is the son of Lord Herbert Montagu-Douglas-Scott and Lady Herbert Montagu-Douglas-Scott

Dorothy Wilding

LADY BARBARA MONTGOMERIE

Who is engaged to Mr. Christopher Gore, the son of Lieut.-Colonel Francis Gore and Lady Constance Gore. She is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton

Lenare

MR. HUBERT DUGGAN

The son of the Marchioness Curzon, who is fighting East Ham in the Conservative cause. A large number of pretty Society girls are trying to win him votes by capturing the stony hearts of electors

Dorothy Wilding

MISS MAGDALEINE HERBERT

Whose marriage to Mr. George Garneau, second son of Sir George and Lady Garneau, of Quebec, will take place in Canada on Wednesday, May 8

Literary Members

Is it because present-day Parliamentary oratory is at so low an ebb that M.P.s seem to be writing books in large quantities? Can it be that in order to escape the boredom of the Chamber they fly to the smoking-room and there indulge in an orgy of writing?

Miss Ellen Wilkinson, for instance, has just published a novel—reviewed on another page—which she completed in three months, while General Charteris has also had his book—the life of Haig—published on the same day, and has had very hard things to say about Mr. Lloyd George's methods during the war. General Charteris does not mince his words in accusing the late Prime Minister of having obstructed the fighting forces. This despite Lord Rothermere's frequent and effusive praise of L.G. as the man who won the war. But to return to our fiery-haired little Socialist lady, the Member for Middlesbrough.

THE POLITICAL PARADE PURSUES ITS PATH

Fox Photos

THE TWO LEADERS OF THE TORY PARTY

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Winston Churchill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the grounds of No. 10 Downing Street. The Premier's prophecy of a Conservative majority of 52 is laughed to scorn by our candid friend "The Daily Mail" and Lord Rothermere, who is still resolving to smash the Labour Party by smashing the Conservatives!

The Mighty Atom

THE Mighty Atom, as she is called at Westminster, is small of stature but full of courage, and uses her head, as the Americans say, for more than a hatstand. She is also energetic, and once created a record by packing her clothes in fifty minutes preparatory to a trip to America. Her determination is shown by the fact that she secured the admission of women to the Strangers' Dining Room at the House for the first time in history, while her reason for living alone in a Bloomsbury flat may be given in her own words: "No two women born of God were ever created to share the same scullery tap!"

A Fighter

ALTHOUGH Winston Churchill is at the Treasury and not now at the Admiralty he remains a man of war, for no one loves a fight more than he. He has been more than usual in the public eye lately—a fact which does not distress him unduly—in his very cross examination of the Leader of the Opposition relative to Mr. Snowden's throwing over of the Balfour Note.

Here he was in his element, for he was once heard to say "Politics are almost as exciting as war, and quite as dangerous."

"Even with the new rifle?" came a doubtful query.

"Well, in war you can only be killed once, but in politics—many times," was the quick retort.

The Lost Peroration

IN his early days Winston used to memorise his speeches, but he has ceased to rely on memory now. He learnt his lesson in 1904, when he failed to learn his speech! A note gave him the start of his peroration, "and it rests with those who . . ." but with whom it did rest and on what it rested he could not for the life of him remember. Repetition of the phrase brought no responsive echo, and he sat down with a lame apology. Now—just in case!—he keeps the full context by him!

Mr. Churchill's Nectar

WITH what pride did Mr. Churchill declare in his Budget speech: "But the symptom upon which I dwell with more confidence than any other as indicating the general position of the masses of the people is the increased consumption of tea and sugar." Less was being spent on noxious liquors and more on these beneficial comforts. I rang up my doctor. "Tell me," I said, "something of this Chancellor's nectar. Is this increase in its consumption good or bad for the public health?"

Trouble on the Line

THERE ensued a confused spluttering and a charming voice asking me to send over the asparagus in time for lunch—the Sloane Exchange is not a very good recommendation for the Socialist's ideal of wholesale nationalisation—and then the doctor's voice was with me again.

"One of the troubles with health generally at the moment is digestion. Tea is no aid to the digestion, in fact, I don't think I'm perpetrating an exaggeration if I say it goes a great way to help to ruin it. And cheap tea, like Mr. Lloyd George's unemployment cure, is liable to cost a great deal—in health. People complain about traffic and noise affecting their nerves and drink tea as a sedative. Unhappy mortals, they're aggravating them."

PRESENT-DAY CELEBRITIES AT HOME

BYSTANDER *Copyright* *Special Portrait by Howard Coster*

THE RT. HON. SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER, P.C., K.B.E., M.C.

In furtherance of "The Bystander's" policy of showing its readers our public men, usually portrayed in cartoons or rough snapshots, as they really are we publish this week a photograph of Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade. Sir Philip is one of the most energetic and alive of the present Cabinet, and has identified himself wholeheartedly with the "Come-to-Britain" movement

AT THE PLAY

FEMALES and

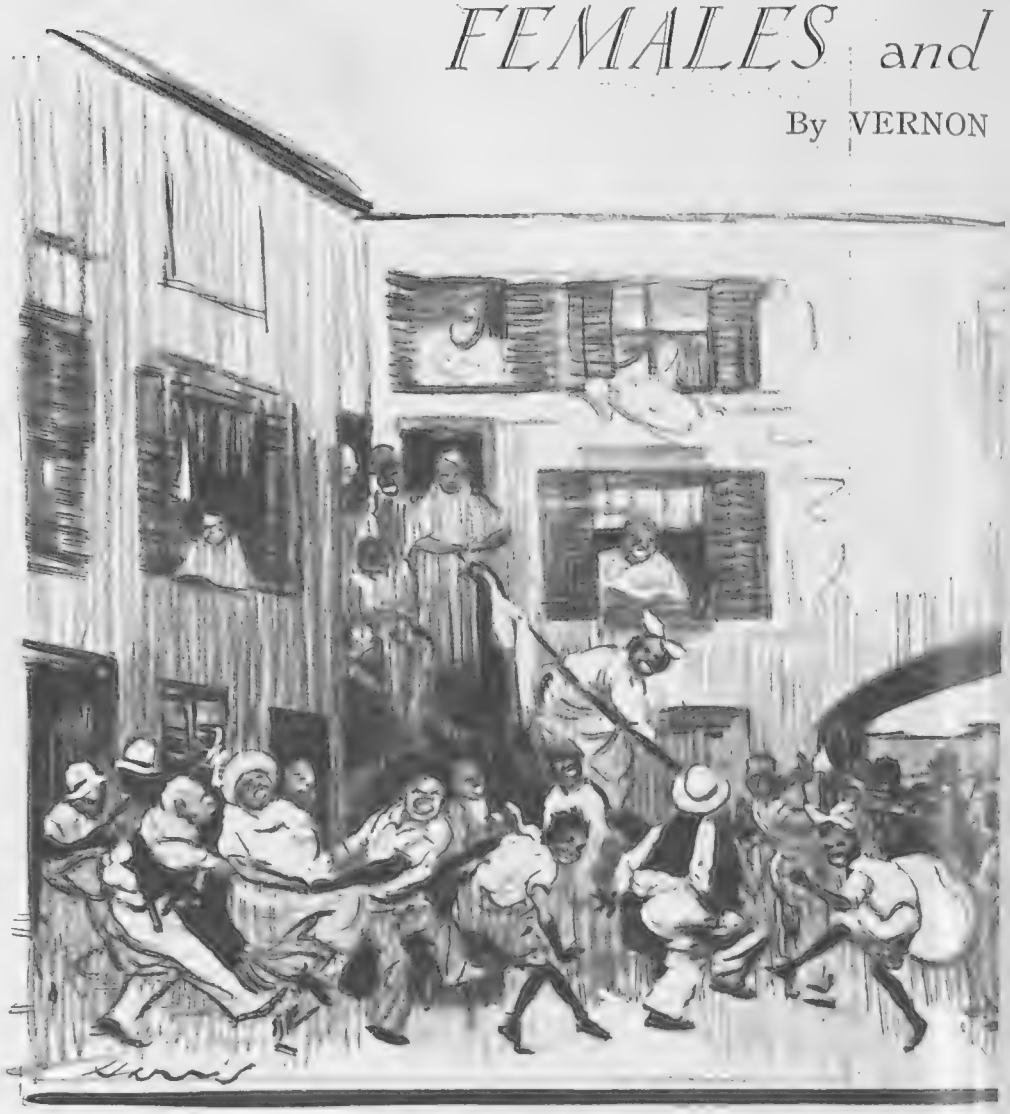
By VERNON

THE action in *These Few Ashes*, by Leonard Ide, which is to be seen at the Duke of York's Theatre, takes place in Switzerland, which the hero, Kenneth Vail, is visiting for the purpose of ski-ing and she-ing, for if ever there was a man who found the opposite sex attractive it is Kenneth.

BUT the luck of the Vails—which E. F. Benson has written about—does not dog the ski-steps of Kenneth, for in this play each of its three parts—all of which are greater than the whole—is devoted to showing a series of his affairs with women of different nationalities.

THE first female—that is to say, the first female we see—visiting him at his sumptuous flat at a Swiss winter sports resort is a Russian who has agreed to spend a hectic week-end with him in Venice. But it transpires that her purpose was not to give but to rob—a purpose frustrated mainly by the *finesse* of his Japanese servant. Exit love *à la Russe*, but not to Venice with Vail! Rough luck!

PART II is devoted to the next pick-up of the hero, a Madame de Sequin, but here again his luck is dead out, for Madame has a husband who interrupts the *tête-à-tête*. And now comes the most ingenious touch in the play, for Pierre de Sequin is only too delighted that his wife has compromised herself with Vail, not for the purpose of levying blackmail, but in order to make an excitable young man, Victor Fontana, so jealous that he will wish, still more ardently, to retain Madame as his mistress. A course of conduct which appeals greatly to Pierre de Sequin!



"PORGY" AT HIS

Catfish Row—the home of many of the poorer negroes in Charleston—

Owen Nares and friend. The former is appearing in "These Few Ashes" at the Duke of York's Theatre which is reviewed above

IN Part III two more females enter into Kenneth Vail's life. The first is a German, who admits that, though she loves him, her real purpose was that of a debt-collector for his multifarious creditors! Rough luck again! The last pick-up is an English girl who has spent the night in his bedroom, but Kenneth wasn't there! I believe that as the play was first written Kenneth really *had* a bit of luck this time, but in this case the Censor intervened and made him pass the night on a sofa in the sitting-room!

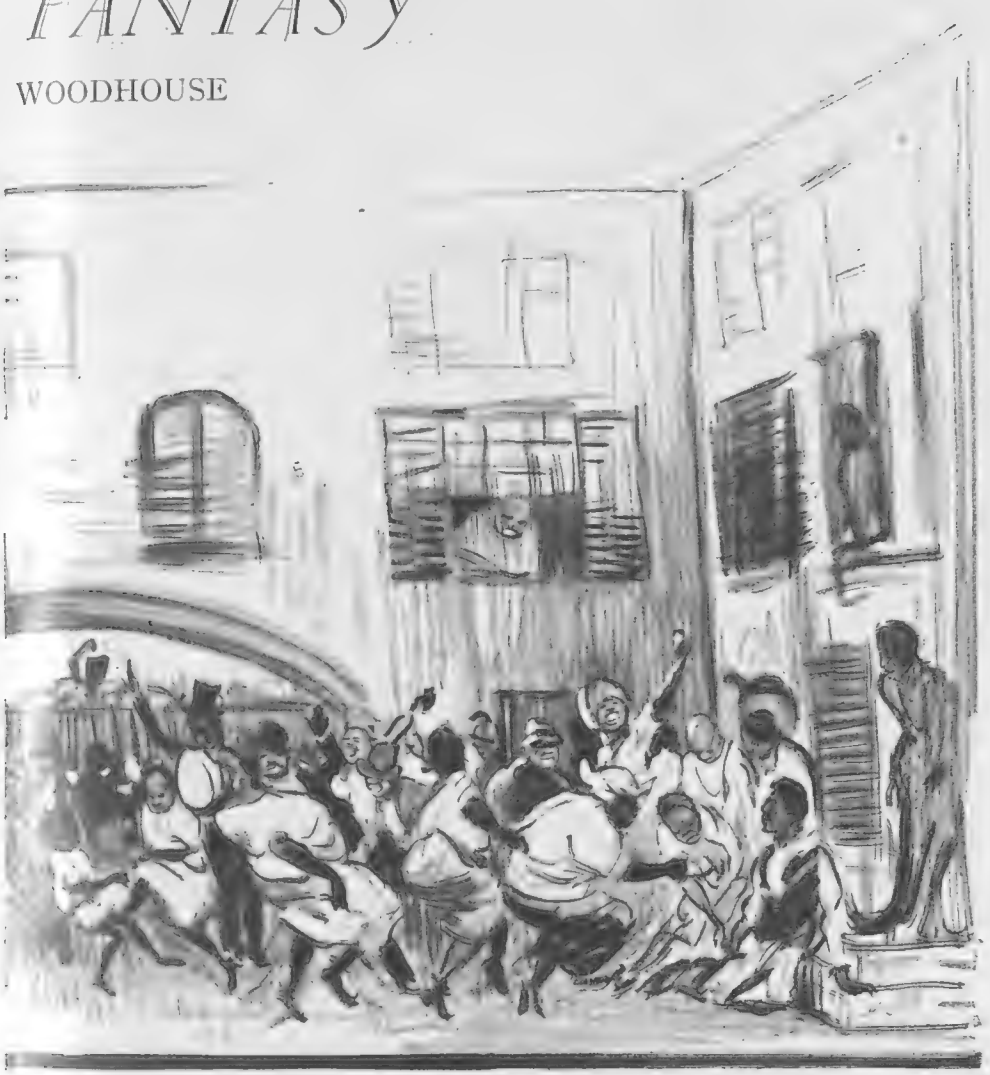
STILL, this Censorious intervention had one advantage, for it saved the hero from appearing as a thorough-paced, heartless, womanising cad! A species of white-washing which may make the play more popular, especially as in the end Kenneth proposes a union with benefit of clergy—or at all events, Registrar—to "the beautiful, creamy English girl," and allows for a final curtain of anticipated rosy raptures.

THIS amusing, cynical, episodic play was not improved by the cinematographic construction which, in a series of "flash backs," shows the four females weeping over an urn supposed to contain the ashes of the hero, who planned a fake death in the snows of the Swiss mountains. A most improbable decease, for his warm, southern nature would assuredly have melted the very deepest drift that is known to mountaineers!

OWEN NARES'S performance as the hero was invaluable to the play, for in places this Swiss ice is thin, but he skates so lightly that never once did he look like falling into the somewhat murky water beneath. Athene Seyler was delightful as the Frenchwoman, and Grace Wilson refreshingly English. Stella Arbenina was hectically Russian, and Nell Carter gutturally German. One of the best performances in the play was given by W. A. Clarke-Smith as the French husband. This did not surprise me, for he is an extremely clever character actor. George Carr added one more amusing portrait to his gallery of imperturbable Orientals.

FANTASY

WOODHOUSE



MAJESTY'S THEATRE

has a field day. An impression by H. H. Harris of a vivid scene

"The Ivory Door" at the Haymarket

A. A. MILNE describes his new play as a legend. Whether he invented the legend himself or found it in some old book I do not know, but this legend contains a fine idea.

HANDED down from generation to generation in Court circles in an unknown country is the danger which lies in passing through an ivory door usually concealed by an arras in the king's castle, a door which is always kept locked. Years previously a curious—or shall I say inquisitive?—king opened that door, passed through, and was never seen again.

YEARS pass, and King Perivale is on the eve of his wedding to Princess Lilia, whom he has never seen. But his subjects do not know this. They believe in another legend, doubtless started by a court chronicler of the period who wished to endow with a halo of romance what, after all, must be a wedding of convenience to the State.

THEREFORE the story goes that the King met his future wife in a forest. They fell in love at first sight, each being ignorant of the exalted state of the other, so that, naturally, when the marriage was arranged, both were delighted to find that they were old flames—so to speak. So romantic a story did credit to the inventor, and was avidly swallowed by the plebs.

BUT just before King Perivale is to marry the Princess he has never seen, curiosity impels him to open that ivory door and see what is on the other side. There is nothing but a path which by a circuitous route leads back to the castle. King Perivale returns but no one knows him!

YOU see he returns as himself—the genuine thing—and not possessing the character and attributes with which he has been endowed by flunkeydom. The story that he was the best swordsman, the most learned of his people, and all that bunkum had been repeated so often that everyone believed it, and therefore, when asked, as proof of his identity, to show his worth he is unable to stand the test, for he's just an ordinary person even as you and I.

THE play ends after the Princess has also gone through that ivory door in search of the King, and also being unrecognised on her return. Both are treated with contumely, to which is added fear (for they are believed to be evil spirits), and they are allowed to depart together through that dangerous door and find on the other side—what? That remains a secret of the author's.

IT is not in the fantasy itself that the author has become—if the vernacular may be excused—unstuck, but in the working out. Here and there are individual scenes of beauty, here and there touches of delightful humour, but the play is loosely knit and lacking in balance. However, even with all its faults of construction, *The Ivory Door* should appeal to those who possess imagination. Personally, I shall remember this play when dozens of other productions have—thank goodness!—completely faded from my memory.

AND much of the acting I shall not forget. I thought Francis Lister gave a perfect performance as the King—a performance which should satisfy the author as much as it pleased the public. Angela Baddeley had little to do, and her make-up was unnecessarily ugly, but C. M. Lowne, Rosina Filippi, Frank Allenby, and Tom Reynolds were all perfectly in the picture—a picture made extremely beautiful by Aubrey Hammond's designs for the dresses and scenery. V. W.

Franklin Dyall, appearing in "The Shadows of the East," which will be produced at the Strand Theatre on April 26

ENTER THE SEASON

By ROSEMARY

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

WHEN they had news to tell in ancient times they lit bonfires on the hills. The watchman kept a look-out for them and reported. "A depression from Iceland fast approaching," he would say; or, "The Assyrians come down like a wolf on the fold." They said Assyrians because they didn't know then about the Argentines—and the Greeks, modern Greeks, that is. Rex Ingram had not been born at that time to tell them a thing or two. But if they had seen some fires on the hills just about now they would have known what was coming: "The Season," they would have cried, "the Season."

FOR on Monday was there not the first night of the Covent Garden Opera Season, with *Rosenkavalier* to open the proceedings? An excellent choice, as it gave a fine opportunity to Lotte Lehmann and Delia Reinhardt, and provided, moreover, a successful début for Gitta Alpar. Hungarian by birth, she comes from the Berlin Opera, but had not sung in England previously. The title *rôle* of *Lohengrin*, to be given to-night, will also be played by a newcomer, Fritz Wolff. He is also to join the Berlin Opera next season, though he comes from another part of Germany, Chemnitz in Saxony.

AND to-day, too, is there not the City and Suburban at Epsom? The flat race we all look forward to as it may give the less fortunate of us who dropped an honest penny or two at Epsom on Monday a chance to make good. And on Friday a sporting event in the golf match between England and America at Moortown. And there are other beacons on the mountains, too. The reappearance in our midst of many who have spent a prolonged winter under warmer skies. Lady Diana Bridgeman, for instance, whose trip to the West Indies was unfortunately spoilt by illness, and Lady Seafield, who returned from South Africa with her hair shingled.

IT is not given to every girl to have her hair the colour of Lady Seafield's; that shade of gold which is vulgarly called red, but is, in fact, the real colour of gold, the colour of a new sovereign, which we see so rarely it is perhaps no wonder we hardly recognise it. But while anything so attractive would look well long or short, it is to be hoped in the general interest of appearances that those less blessed will profit by this example. There are few of the last long-haired who would not be improved if they would defy the Godiva-complex and let their hairdresser use the scissors. After all, in modern life so little time is spent *en pantoufles* that it is not worth keeping the crowning glory to sit on—an out-of-date recreation of famous beauties.

"Freak parties"

THE dance that Mrs. Tiarks is giving at the Hotel Splendide, for her daughter Myra and Miss Rosemary Lucas, on Thursday (to-morrow) is one of the first private dances of the Season. The private ball has tended to disappear lately; largely, no doubt, because of the trouble, not to say expense, it saves to make up a party for a charity affair and kill two birds with one stone, or to go to an hotel. Entertaining the other night at the May Fair, I saw the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Norton with a party that included Mr. and Mrs. Archie Campbell. Lord and Lady Darnley were also there. And I see Lady Kindersley's dance for her daughter Betty will be held there on May 4. In entertaining for *débutantes* this season, I dare say other chaperones will follow the example of Lady Halsbury and Lady Chelmsford in being joint hostesses. They are giving a private dance for their daughters on May 7.

"At the May Fair Hotel"

THE fashion for freak parties throughout the winter makes one wonder if they will give way to dancing in popularity during the Season. Although the new slow fox trot has been invented to cope with the congestion on most dance floors, it is no longer unusual for a party to motor to the "wilds" of suburbia to dance in comfort on some commodious Palais floor and return for supper to a West End restaurant. There they watch contentedly the struggle of the determined *v.* the inertia of the *blasé*. If dance floors get much smaller the logical conclusion seems to be that they will disappear altogether!

INDEED, there is a strong tendency among the younger generation to do other things than dance. To talk, for example. Our elders may lament that the wit of the dinner table has passed away; so, to a large extent, has the dinner table itself. But its charms are not lost; the gourmet and the connoisseur are still catered for, so is the conversationalist. The finest of arts still has its *virtuosi*.

AT that hour in the evening when a straight line from a city office takes half the world to a local tennis club and the other half to a cocktail .they begin to drop into Albemarle Street. For at the Five Hundred Club there is no need to scream across the strident syncopation of a band, you can talk. And you do! There will be Miss Oonagh Guinness to be heard there, raising the spirits of all around with her own champagne personality. And Lady Weymouth, who is probably the best conversationalist of the younger set.

PARTIES sit in groups at small tables or on sofas against the wall talking. A party of four will be having a little dinner before the theatre. And above, through the skylight, can now and then be caught a glimpse of the passers-by overhead. For a rounded roof in vivid blue (see it by electric light and you would stake your Calcutta ticket it was green), with the picture of a yacht framed in a cameo to give the illusion of a port-hole looking out to sea, would not lead you to suspect that where you are sitting was once the receptacle for household coal!

LONDON'S Five Hundred make a point, too, of coming to their club in husbands—and—wives. Lord and Lady Alington are members. The Hastings, too, may be seen here when they are making Piccadilly one of the points of the compass they visit on their travels. And when "them stinkin' violets," as Jorrocks called them, have put an end to that other Season in the Shires, the Hunting people come for consolation. Lord and Lady Chesham, for instance, and Mr. Peter Akroyd, M.F.H., who was a very efficient best man at the Kidston-Bellville wedding a few weeks ago. From this spot in Albemarle Street, indeed, you can get a good view of the beacons!

Rosemary.

PURE CONVERSATIONS: Number One!

BY STAN TERRY

"Jack said he'd like me just as well without my fancy dress"
"What did you say, dear?"
"Oh, I just laughed it off!"

By Helen McKie

Above is seen an impression of the male chorus in the "Five O'Clock Girl" at the London Hippodrome, with the addition of Jean Colin, the attractive young leading lady

if gossip we must

With the Opera just started, the Season is definitely launched. In spite of all temptations to succumb to housebreakers' depredations Covent Garden remains obstinately upright and grand (like a piano) and the Grand Season is, in some subtle way, very grand indeed. Intellectually superior people are fond of sneering at Covent Garden. Socialists and Mr. Rutland Boughton call it a jewel-box. American visitors complain because not nearly so many jewels are on view as there are at the Metropolitan, New York.

Bolshevists declare that there will be no hope for opera in this country until all stalls are abolished and a pit reaches up to the orchestra rail. Sir Thomas Beecham has openly and more than once proclaimed that he hates every brick in the venerable building. But still it goes on.

Its performances are for the most part admirable without being sensationally so. The auditorium has a restful dignity about it, and for sound is the best in the world. I can even drink the coffee. And if, from an occasional glance at certain of the supporters, *Nosenkavalier* might be considered an apt name for Dr. Strauss's next opera—well, what's the odds, so long as you're happy?

Janet Jevons

Pretty Pamela Carme, who is playing in "Her Shop" at the Criterion Theatre. In private life she is the Hon. Pamela Boscawen, being the only sister of Lord Falmouth

The knighthood for Major Segrave means the third erstwhile member of the musical comedy stage to achieve a title of sorts within three months. June, of course, led the way (and it is remarkable that we now hear so little of Lady Inverclyde), and Mary Leigh followed by marrying Sir William Gray, who, although but the second baronet of his line, is a pleasant young man whose income and war record are alike beyond reproach.

The major's wife was Doris Stocker, and is a very pretty blonde. Gilded youths who worshipped at the shrine of the Gaiety some fifteen or twenty years ago (most of them are staid

A WINSTON CHURCHILL ANECDOTE

married men now, and the war killed off the remainder) will remember the beauteous Blanche and Doris Stocker, who never had anything in particular to do, but did it remarkably well. Both have, of course, now left the stage, the latter to become something of a celebrity. Sister Blanche, who is the elder, I have seen dancing at Ciro's fairly recently.

WINSTON CHURCHILL I saw on Budget Day. He is looking his age and is decidedly fuller in the face, and elsewhere. Introducing Budgets must be almost as familiar a job to him as it is to Mr. Lloyd George, who has been responsible for no fewer than nine, but it is wearing work, and the strain of political life grows greater. The Chancellor is still, I imagine, far too keen to become Prime Minister one day to cherish any notions of comparative ease in the House of Lords, and the illustration in a French paper of him sketching at Eze, in which he was described as "lord Winston Churchill" (when *will* the French papers get out of their habits of comic inaccuracy in these matters?), need not be regarded as in any way prophetic. Besides, he is as full of relish for work as ever he was, and remains essentially *bon enfant*. But he no longer rides on the roofs of hansom cabs, and has forgotten, probably, that night, years ago, in the old Empire, when he took hold of one end of a brass stair-carpet rod and an exceedingly obscure individual held the other end while we—I mean, of course, *they*—swept a horde of revellers into the foyer and eventually the street.

By Chicot

"Ah, well, all's fair in love!"
"Where do the brunettes come in, darling?"

THE Dayton Choir from U.S.A. sing well enough, though I suspect it is the fact that they *are* from U.S.A. as well as their marching stunts and their desire to label themselves as members of the surplice population by their ecclesiastical garb that have drawn towards them considerably more publicity than come the way of our own choirs. Their second concert was better than their first, and better attended, too. What is more, they gave us the Byrd. And what one William Byrd, who wrote most of his stuff about the year 1600, did not know about part-songs, etc., is not worth worrying about.

But I should like to see equally nice things said about such bodies as the Oriana Choir, the Glasgow Orpheus choir, which, blessed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, came to the Queen's Hall a few nights ago, the London Select Choir, and the Royal Philharmonic Choir.

Sing a song o' sixpence isn't a bad tune, and a pocketful of rye-whisky is not the only spiritual.

Planet News *Sasha*

CABARET IN THE MAKING—AND MADE

On the left two clever acrobatic dancers, Mr. W. A. T. Duncan and Miss Margaret Laws, are seen rehearsing for their coming engagements, and on the right are seen Howell, Harger and Naldi This clever trio are appearing at the Kit-Cat Restaurant in the Haymarket

A GREAT connoisseur of port, who read my paragraphs last week with interest, tells me that while motoring he had tyre trouble, and, night coming on, decided to put up at a village inn. After dining off an execrably cooked chop, he asked the little maid-of-all-work if they had any port. "Yes, sir," she replied brightly, "fresh in to-day!" No sale.

HEALTH AND WEALTH IN THE CITY

Express Photos

A photograph taken on the S.S. Berengaria at Southampton when the charity ball in aid of the Southampton Children's Hospital and the Stage Guild was held on board. The group includes the Mayoress of Southampton (left), Mr. J. H. Boyce-Coombe, the Mayor of Southampton, Prince Paul of Greece, Miss Eva Moore, Capt. Blake Concannon, Mrs. Cottrell and Mr. F. Allen Parker

THE members of the Lucifer Club are sons of the evening rather than of the morning. Though they never forget that they are a golf club. Dining wisely and not necessarily æsthetically is one of the chief clauses in their creed. One had only to look at the chairman, Sir Harry Greer, at their latest dinner at the Carlton, to realise the soundness of this. Someone once said that no one could possibly be as wise as Mr. Gladstone looked. No one could possibly be as well as Sir Harry looks, though I trust Sir Harry is. His face is round and pink and clean-shaven, like that of a recently bathed and good-tempered baby. I could not picture him as the managing director of enormously important and successful industrial concerns until he started to make a speech. Then it became possible to realise that there could never be an annual general meeting nor an extraordinary general meeting (however extraordinary) which would not fall for that persuasive Irish brogue.

By Hynes

"One seems to see life through a mirror these days"

"And is it so terribly empty, darling?"

IT was a rich dinner. There were shoulders of baby lamb and Lord Ashfield and asparagus and Lord Dewar and angels-on-horseback and Sir Woodman Burbidge and Veuve Clicquot 1919. I suppose the

L.N.A.

Juan and Juanita, the famous dancers, who appeared at the great charity ball held on the S.S. Berengaria. They travelled down to Southampton especially to give their act

angels were on the menu to exorcise the picture of the devil that adorned the cover of it. How rarely, by the way, at a restaurant dinner, public or private, does one find a savoury, and what a pleasant thing a savoury can be! Nineteen dinners out of twenty wind up with the eternal and infernal "*Bombe glacée,*" which has haunted every dinner on the Calais-Paris train from time immemorial. At this golf dinner we were also spared *petits fours*—even *petits plus-fours*.

Lord Lurgan, who made a speech, glowed with legitimate pride, for he is a director of the Carlton. His son, young "Willie" Brownlow, who is such a fine golfer, is one of the two hundred or so on the Lucifer's waiting list.

FOR some obscure reason Church Parade in Hyde Park still retains a reputation as a rather smart and splendid business It is over twenty years since Seymour Hicks used to sing:—

"*The Church Parade beats everything,*
The Church Parade when in full swing
Is a thing to see and wonder at
For all the wealth displayed
Of the millinery art
And the costume smart
In the Church Parade!"

That ditty was not overwhelmingly true even when it was written. It is now lamentably wide of the mark, and I suggest that Arthur Wimperis or young Rowland Leigh, who really has a flair for this sort of thing, tell the truth in verse about this shabby and melancholy function of 1929. Certainly it is crowded, when the weather is fine.

An illustration from the artistic pamphlet giving details of the Café de Paris, which reopened last week. The cabaret includes Bob and Muriel and also Mel and Melma, the dance music being supplied by Sid Phillips and his Melodians, with Ralph Sherr, the famous American Dance Vocalist

CALEDONIA STERN AND WILD!

At Montrose two works by a distinguished Scottish sculptor, which are studies of a nude boy, have been displaced by order of the Lay Committee, one member being stated to have said that they could not remain unless kilts were put on them!

Scots wha hae a pure hairt
Play the mon an' play your pairt
Declaimin' nudity in Airt
Shall ne'ermair be seen.

Nae mair shall any loyal son
O' Caledonia gaze upon
A bairn wi'oot his panties on—
We'll keep the pairty clean.

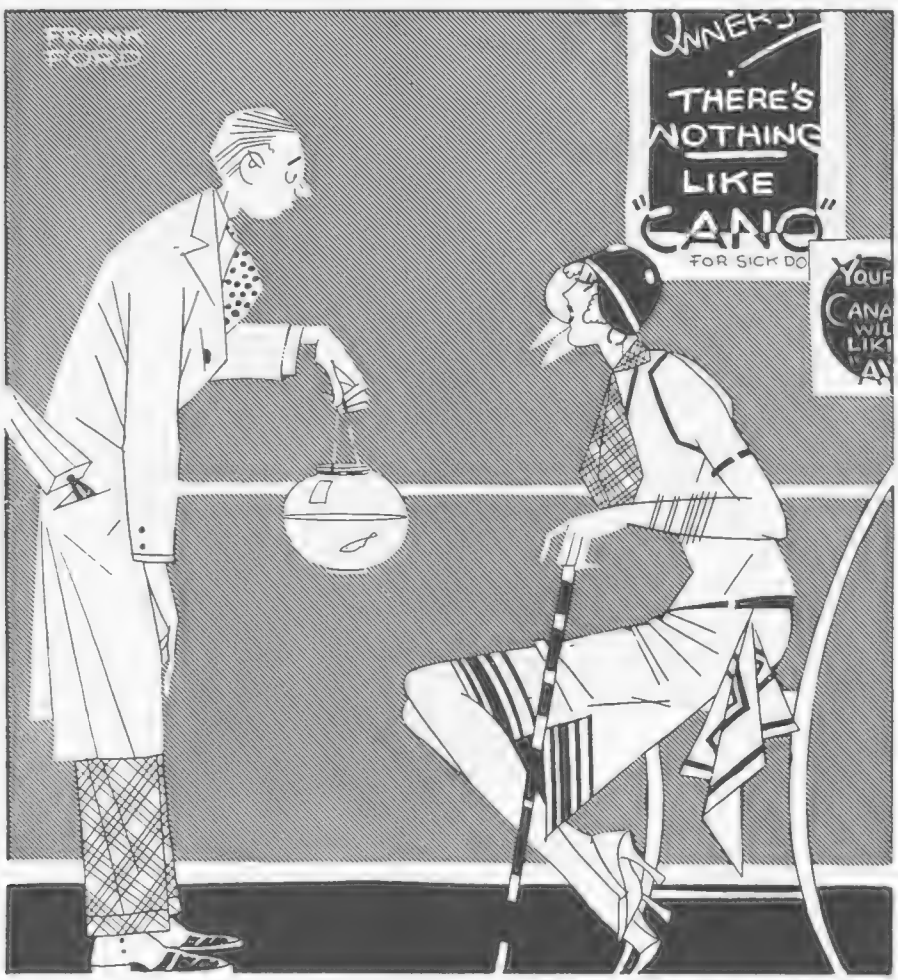
Nae Aphrodite scrimply clad
Shall drive oor laddies tae the bad,
Tae fig leaves we will chastely add
A skyrin bustle too.

From braw Apollo nane will wilt
When he is seen in tartan kilt
Wi' sonsie bunnet a' atilt,
Wavin' a skean dhu.

Let Sassenachs an' ither folk
Predestined for the Heil-fire smoke
Regard oor act as juist a joke—
Fig leaves shan't floorish here!

An' if thur loons say, "Let Airt be
For classic lines are guid tae see,"
True tae oor trust we'll e'er be
An' spur-r-r-n the "bare" idea!

B.



By Frank Ford

"And what do I feed it on?"
"Ants' eggs, madam."
"And does the little pet like them hard or soft boiled?"

POSSIBLY it was a compliment to the country when Major Segrave accomplished his "Golden Arrow" feat, for His Royal Highness is the essence of diplomacy, but the chief feature of the Prince of Wales's speech at the dinner at the R.A.C. to the gallant major was the occasional touch of American pronunciation. It was frequently necessary to refer to the capture of the world's record. This word became, right royally, "reckud," and America "Amurrica." Such diversity of accent was the more noticeable because the Prince's usual method of speaking is so uncompromisingly British—Guards' Officer British, without a trace of the "haw haw" or the Oxford drawl.

But "reckud" certainly caused some surprise—so much so that the tie of one noble lord at the high table slid slowly round to beneath his left ear and then disappeared behind his neck. When I left it was emerging again near the right ear, and doubtless by the time all the speeches were finished it was in its correct position again. Alas, it was a "made-up" tie.

ONCE more the Middlesex County Rugby Football Union are staging a seven-a-side competition to wind up the season at Twickenham, and once again the profits of the gate will be given to the Middlesex Hospital. These profits should be big, for there is a no more entertaining way of spending an afternoon than watching this miniature Rugger. The game is so fast and incidents so plentiful that there is never a dull moment in the proceedings from start to finish.

BY FOUET

Our local police-sergeant rifles his little son's money box!

BY AIR, LAND and SEA—

Major Segrave, on whom a knighthood is being conferred, broadcasting a description of his world record speed dash after his arrival at Southampton. His wife is seen on the right of the photograph, and Captain Irving, the designer of the car, and Mrs. Irving, are on the left

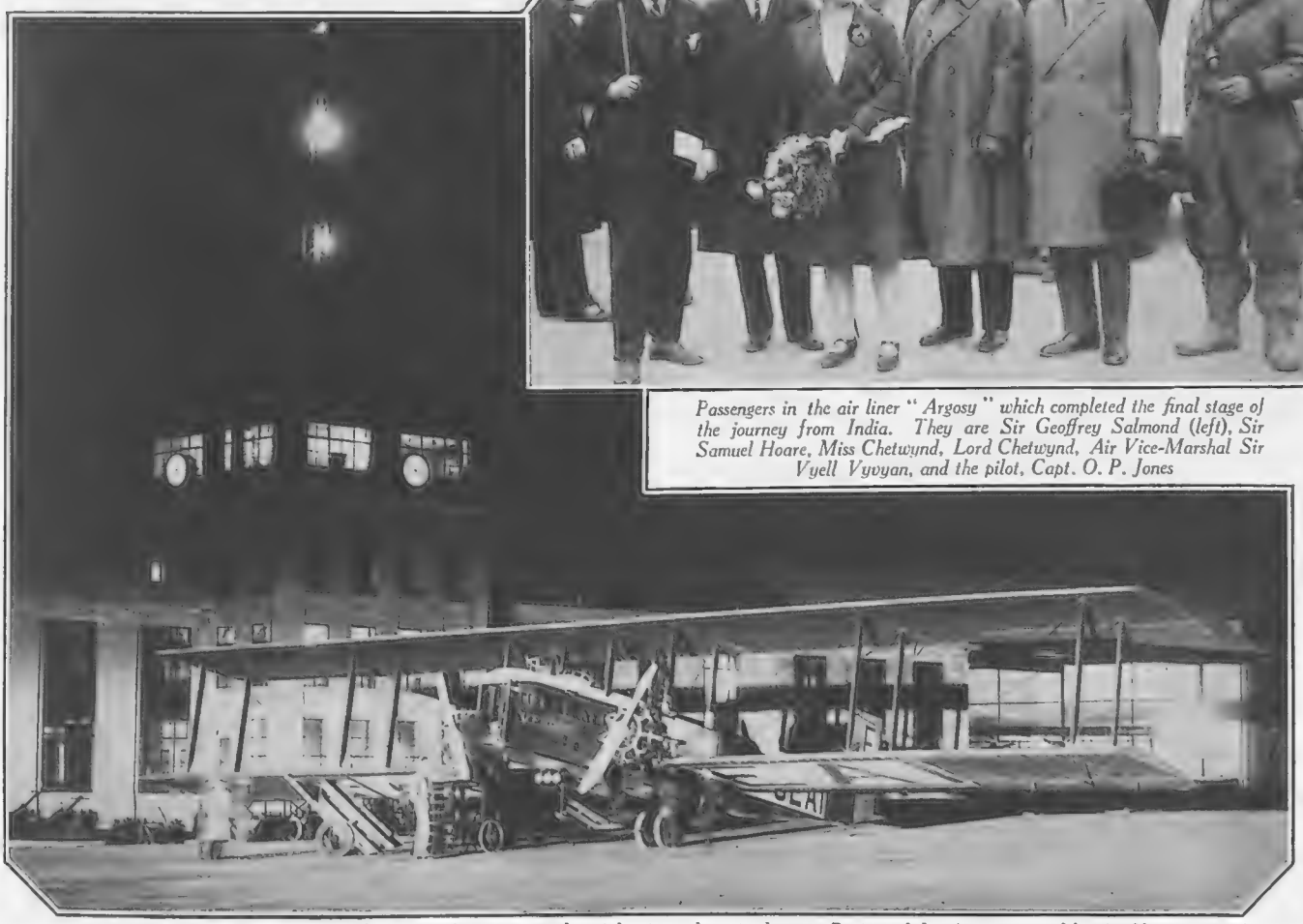
The scene at the May Fair Hotel, where Major Segrave went on his arrival in London, and after the news that he was to receive a knighthood. Mrs. Segrave was presented with the floral model of her husband's car, the Golden Arrow, seen in the foreground

Above: Captain Irving (left), Mr. Segrave, the father of the driver, Mrs. Segrave, Major H. O. D. Segrave and Mr. C E. Segrave, his younger brother, photographed on board the S S. Olympic on the arrival of the liner at Southampton. They are seen examining photographs of the great run

BRITAIN'S BID for SUPREMACY

The Imperial Airways liner disembarking passengers and mails at Croydon after making the first voyage from India on the new Karachi-Croydon service. The journey takes only seven days

Passengers in the air liner "Argosy" which completed the final stage of the journey from India. They are Sir Geoffrey Salmond (left), Sir Samuel Hoare, Miss Chetwynd, Lord Chetwynd, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vyell Vyvyan, and the pilot, Capt. O. P. Jones



A night scene at Croydon when the first 'plane working on a regular night air mail service between Paris and London, organised by Air Union, arrived with a heavy load. She reached Croydon at four-thirty in the morning.

MISS CLEMENCE DANE

The NOVEL of the MONTH

By CLEMENCE DANE

IN the United States the book club is an institution. Indeed, there is not only a Book-of-the-Month Club, with its thousands of members, but a flourishing Crimes-Book Club as well, that specialises in detective stories. The idea of the club is a simple one. A committee of critics and professional writers representing the principal types of literary taste dredges the publishers' lists every month for a half-dozen interesting books, and publishes the results with comments. The book which it considers the most interesting of the six it sends out to the various members of the club, who may, however, exchange it for another if they prefer to do so.

❋

THE scheme has obvious advantages, and has, in the docile Americas, been immensely successful. But, in my experience, if you mention the scheme to an English reader she generally replies almost automatically (I know, at any rate, that I did myself) that she is a free-born English reader and has no intention of being dictated to! She can choose her own books for herself, thank you!

❋

BUT does she? There are lucky women, I suppose, with sufficient leisure and money to buy and read all the good literary papers, to have a standing order at the bookseller's for all the likely looking new books, and bookshelves elastic enough to house the enormous and continuous flood of purchases that such personal selection would entail. Such enviable readers may well say to any book-club scheme, "Thank you for nothing!" But most of us readers belong to a circulating library, and depend on the young lady behind the counter—valiant, patient, catholic—to choose us "the sort of book I like!" She does her best, and her best is generally an astoundingly good best; but we try her pretty high. And, after all, her opinion of the month's output can hardly be authoritative, for she spends her busy and hard-working day in handing out books, not in reading them.

❋

THE Society's first list is, at any rate, a catholic one, for the volumes include a fantasy, a domestic novel, a love story, a biography, a book of poems, and a book of the War. From the point of view of literature, the most important item is, of course, the critical biography of *Rabelais* by Anatole France (Gollancz: 18s.). His book is a marvel of just and lucid appreciation; it is as interesting as a good novel and as wise as a judgment of Solomon. The fairy *Pari-banou* possessed a pavilion which could house and entertain all the Sultan's armies and yet be folded and carried in the hand. Anatole France's biography of Rabelais is such a pavilion. It covers and contracts within its covers the huge and bewildering genius of Rabelais and thus presents it to us not belittled, but temporarily reduced to a convenient size. Here is Rabelais, says France—his life, his opinions, and his work! Look at him, exquisitely contained in my hand, and then go to his own books, reader; open those covers and see him swell out again into the giant that he is.

Vaughan and Freeman

Miss Helen Beauclerc, whose novel, "The Love of the Foolish Angel" (published by Collins), has been the first selected by the Book Society as their Book of the Month. On April 18 the members received Miss Beauclerc's novel

❋

THE author of the novel which takes first place in the list has obviously enjoyed reading Anatole France, and has learnt much from him. France loved to play with legends of angels and devils and Bluebeards, just as his own master, Rabelais, played with legends of giants. Both men used their playthings, however, to serve at all times ironic or instructive ends. Miss Helen Beauclerc's delight in a quaint tale has no such terrific consequences. In *The Love of a Foolish Angel* (Collins: 7s. 6d.) she tells the story of a poor devil who, like Cabell's devil in *The Silver Stallion*, is the victim of his own good nature. He is sent, against his will, to buy the soul of a pretty girl. But he refuses to obey his infernal master, whose cause he has espoused only through a misunderstanding, falls in love with the victim, saves her repeatedly, and in the end is rewarded by being allowed to become a man. Instead of dragging another soul to hell, the foolish angel is left setting to work like the rest of us to lift his own soul back to heaven.

❋

A HARSH contrast to such whimsical fantasy is the German War novel, *All Quiet on the Western Front* (Putnam: 7s. 6d.). We turn from the delicate devil out of hell devised by a feminine imagination amusing itself prettily to a real hell of which it is dreadful to read. Indeed, of all the War books of the last years this seems to me, in its resignation, the most terrible. But the author's own words best describe it: "This book is to be neither an accusation nor a confession, and least of all an adventure, for death is not an adventure to those who stand face to face with it. It will try simply to tell of a generation of men who, even though they may have escaped its shells, were destroyed by the War." In T. H. White's charming book of verse, *Loved Helen* (Chatto and Windus: 5s.), I found a phrase that haunted me, a soothing and comforting phrase for worried people ridden with money cares: "We can afford the clouds." But *All Quiet on the Western Front* is the story of men whom the clouds have overwhelmed.

❋

IT is difficult for the best story of imaginary troubles to stand up to the tragic beauty of such a book. But the world wants stories as well as realities, and the two novels of imaginary life that close the month's list have pleasant virtues of their own. *Catherine Foster* (Cape: 7s. 6d.) is a sad and passionate love-story with no purpose save the telling, but *Dark Hester* (Constable: 7s. 6d.) carries us back to the "good book" of the Victorians, the story with a moral, and none the worse for that!

BY CANDLE LIGHT

BY DE ROBEC

JAMES BRAID J. H. TAYLOR GEO. DUNCAN FRED ROBSON

THE GREAT G

Why not a dress selection committee for our "Ryder" Cup Team? We were not only well be

ARCHIE COMPSON AUBREY BOOMER C. A. WHITCOMBE PERCY ALLIS J. H. COTTON STEWART BURNS E. R. WHITCOMBE ABE MITCHELL

BY H. H. HARRIS

GOLF QUESTION

t only well beaten at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1927, but we were terribly out-dressed by the Americans

WOLSELEY

Thoroughbred

The definition fits this elegant Wolseley perfectly . . . . . "Bred from the best blood through a long line . . . . having the pedigree recorded for a certain number of generations . . ." Wolseley is a *thoroughbred!* Progeny of selective in-building of all that enterprise has devised and all that experience has proved to be best in motor-car design, construction and equipment — the sturdy, handsome offspring of twenty-one years' breeding.

Silent, vibrationless power unit—magneto ignition with automatic advance . . . . . four speeds with simple gear change . . . . . exceptional steering lock . . . . . wide chassis with beautifully supple suspension . . . . . powerful brakes with large diameter drums . . . . . and all parts extremely accessible. A perfect chassis wedded to a modern coachbuilt saloon of the finest type, smart, roomy and luxuriously comfortable.

You can purchase out of income at a small initial outlay.

WOLSELEY MOTORS (1927) LTD., WARD END, BIRMINGHAM.

Wolseley Six-cylinder Coachbuilt Saloon - £375

Extras—Wire wheels £10; Wheels in special colour £1; Triplex Glass £15

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE GRAND ILLUSION

by J. Hastings Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

The author of this story needs no introduction to readers even though, so far, his work has mainly been devoted to the stage. Here he tells the story of a married woman who, after years of monotonously happy married life, meets "the other man" and breaks away. The sequel, although unexpected, is psychologically true, and the whole story is written with an obvious knowledge of human character

FORTY. Well, in a year. Less than a year, now. Ten months. She looked in the glass and, honestly, could see very little difference. But with other people perhaps it was not the same. Perhaps they *did* see a difference. The thought tormented her. At forty one seems to have missed so many things, because of conventions, or because one's mother was still alive, or because one hasn't dared. Then one would gradually grow old, coming to the time when one sat by the fire, rheumatic, reminiscent, warning the young against the sins one had never had the courage to commit. . . .

And she had been married for very nearly twenty years. Happily married. Her friends, those who had made a mess of it, were always telling her how much they envied her. Because Harry was a dear. There was no doubt about that. Harry *was* a dear . . . in his way. Yet all those friends who kept on telling her how lucky she was seemed awfully happy themselves. Their husbands and wives had, it appeared, receded into the background. Their lives were full—bridge, parties, dances, suppers—they were always laughing. But she was Mary Partington, married to Henry Partington, definitely labelled happy and enviable. And Harry was a dear, only . . . only she was used to him, and, as it seemed, he didn't mind being used to her. He didn't understand the queer little stirrings that happened in her soul, unwanted signals of unreasonable revolution. But men didn't understand. They were, so to speak, cut-and-dried: either faithful or unfaithful. Henry was faithful. Not altogether his fault—just born like that. If he hadn't been, Mary knew quite well that he would have satisfied his desires in any way in which they had presented themselves to him.

BUT Harry was respectable. In the best sense. He'd never understand that kind of thing; that kind of jump in the heart, that kind of lust for adventure, which had come to her so often and been put aside. Put aside fairly easily, because one thought of one's father and mother and one's aunts and all that—which, of course, made it impossible. Besides, there had been no one special, so to speak. Just an idea that if there *had* been anyone special, anything might have happened. And the idea alone had been satisfying, until now. But now there was Leo. Now there was definitely Leo. Mary knew that Leo was a man who hadn't been born—like Harry. Leo picked flowers as he found them. But Leo knew how to pick flowers. Leo could make picking flowers the grandest game in the world. He had said nothing. The real flower-picker has no need to say anything. But Mary knew he wanted her. And she knew, too, that she wanted Leo. Just for that moment which completes and finishes these things—that was all. But—unforgivable to Harry. Still—there it was. Each night, beside the sleeping Harry, she saw in the darkness the face of Leo. That in itself was deceit, but not the kind of deceit which society has decided shall matter.

And now, Harry was away, and Leo was coming to tea, and she knew, quite clearly, that she had got to make up her mind. That Leo knew, too. But she hoped that Leo didn't know how much she wanted him. She told herself that she had fought against the thing, and, in a way, she had. That is to say she had kept on telling herself that she must put Leo right out of her mind, which, of course, as she discovered in the end, was only another way of thinking about Leo. Leo had asked himself to tea—or had she asked him? Anyway, it had just been done, quite casually, as between two highly civilised people pretending not to realise that dear old Harry would be away. But the throb of Mary's pulse was not so highly civilised. And there was the front-door bell. . . .

Leo Tancrest was not a bad-looking fellow—not strictly handsome, but with attractive grey eyes and a drooping full lower lip which attracted women, and made men a little uneasy. But it was his voice which caressed. It was, for a man, a wonderfully low, soft voice with many notes to it, so that, when he talked, you thought of someone, with great skill, playing an instrument a long way off. And when he whispered women wanted to shut their ears, which is not a good sign at all.

BUT now he drank his tea and ate cress sandwiches and talked about the Conservative chances of a majority, as if entirely unaware of the scarlet background to the tea-party. And the maid came in and removed the tray and drew the curtains and shut out the January fog and sleet and, incidentally, shut in the beginnings of a disaster.

Leo Tancrest rose suddenly from his chair and stood up, with his back to the fire. He looked down at Mary with a slight smile.

"My dear," he said very softly, "need we deceive ourselves any longer?"

She answered that she "didn't know what he meant." But her heart was thumping like a steam-hammer.

His low, caressing voice went on:

"You know," he said, "that I am in love with you. You have known that for some time. And I have flattered myself that you care a little for me. Was I wrong?"

Now was the moment. Mary knew that. If she rose now, and pretended that she was insulted, and rang the bell—that would be the finish. But it was intolerable that it should be the finish. What was the good of hedging? She loved Leo. That was all there was to it. And yet, of course, she hedged.

"Of course you were wrong," she answered.

"Was I?" he asked, and again, "Was I?"

She was silent, aware that her silence was what he wanted, aware, too, that she could never go back on that silence. Now he sat on the arm of her chair and his arm was round her shoulder.

"Dear little girl," he said. "I can't help loving you. I can't even tell you how much I love you—how much I want you. But if it's no good—be kind and end the game now!"

Her hand had gone to her breast and his own closed over it.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

will appear a brilliant SHORT STORY BY

MICHAEL ARLEN

entitled

"RIVIERA,"

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK.

Her whole body shook and quivered, like a destroyer steaming on its trials. But he wouldn't know that, she told herself — he wouldn't know that. And yet, of course, he knew it, but, being the expert flower-picker that he was, he gave no sign of knowing it. His hand just remained gently over her own. That was all. But he knew that he was winning; that if he kept his head and played the game out to the end, it was his.

"Do you want to end the game?" he asked in a whisper. "Are you tired of it?"

He took for granted, she saw, that they had been playing for some time past. Took for granted, that is to say, what she had been denying to herself every night—even every minute—for months. Why go on deceiving herself? Here was the thing itself. It stood before her. It wracked her body. No use to deny it any more. Fight against it, something whispered to her. That was her upbringing, the sisters and the cousins and the aunts, the Sunday luncheons as a child, the bed-time prayers—all the rest of it! But when the Thing—the Thing which could never be really talked about—actually stood before one—then there was no question of a fight, because the Thing simply demanded surrender. After all—that was what it came to, only Leo had surrendered easily, and she was surrendering slowly, which is perhaps the only essential difference between a man and a woman. And Leo didn't move, gave her no chance to be frightened, only waited. Her eyes looked round the drawing-room, the decoration of which had once given her such a thrill. It looked dull now. Everything was dull, except Leo. If there had been a child—but that was merely looking for excuses. It would have made no difference. Nothing could have made any difference. When you are young you look for love and find a mate—and then, sooner or later, love looks for you and shows itself in its real colours, irresistible as a mortal disease. She drew his hand closer to her breast and gave up the pitiful struggle. And then,

"Mary had chosen Paris because it had seemed such leagues away from Kensington"

gently, she was in his arms—his lips creeping down her hair, her eyes, her nose, until they found her lips . . .

And the next day they lunched on the Golden Arrow, which, as everybody knows, gets to Paris quicker than anything except an aeroplane. And an aeroplane is no good to lovers. Too far above the earth, perhaps—or else not far enough. Meanwhile, the Golden Arrow is quite used to the job.

Mary herself had chosen Paris. If she had said Peru Leo would probably have taken her there. Because a man cannot rest unsatisfied, while a woman is always satisfied by a picture she has made herself. Mary had chosen Paris because it had seemed such leagues away from Kensington. Paris always seems so much farther from Kensington than it is.

When, after lunch, they went back to their seats, she stared out at the dullest stretch of country on earth, flying past the window as if ashamed of itself, and thought of the servants. Odd? Not a bit of it. That is the first thing every woman thinks of when she has deserted her husband. After all, she has made up her mind about him. He's done with. He's in the past. He won't talk because he'll look a fool. But the servants—well, the fact is nearly all women are afraid of their servants, and those who are not have none.

So Mary stared out of the window and thought of the servants. The cook, who was a monument of respectability and had taken a gloomy view of Harry, returning late and tired out after a long journey and cooking for himself a plate of eggs and bacon in the kitchen. Ethel, the parlourmaid, who announced a guest, presenting, as it were, a wreath at the same time. Mrs. Baynes, who came and scrubbed in the mornings, and scrubbed so cheerfully that you knew there must be something behind it—a dipsomaniac at home, or a crippled child.

The cheerfulness of charwomen is one of the most depressing things in the world. These were Mary's thoughts as she was raced along in the Golden Arrow towards the biggest adventure of her life. These, and an occasional reassuring glance at Leo, which told her that he was big and handsome and made the other people in the carriage seem curiously undistinguished, and so was nothing to be ashamed about.

Next the Gare du Nord and a confusing noise, and Leo, talking amazingly good French and getting things done at the *douane* much quicker than anyone else. More matter for pride. He had done things well at the hotel, too. A private sitting-room, of course, but also the flowers she loved most and, later, just the kind of supper she liked best, too. Harry would have forgotten the flowers and ordered the supper at random. Harry, she supposed, just took her for granted. No woman can be expected to stand that.

She looked round the room delightedly, passing quickly over the door in the corner by the window. After Paris they were going south—more flowers, more suppers, with Leo all the time, like an attentive waiter, at her side.

At supper just a bottle of champagne and, sitting beside one another upon a sofa which had seen it all before, she drank Benedictine and he brandy, and they didn't trouble to put the lights on, and nobody came to clear away the supper either, because a French hotel is naturally more discreet than an English, or else because Leo thought of everything.

And, outside, a sort of buzz—which sounded, being where it was, delightfully foreign, and at last faded away altogether. Then, somehow, very happily, the door by the window opened, with Leo, still deferential like a waiter, beside it, and there was a dimly orange-shaded room, with a great many mirrors and cushions everywhere, and Leo's arms and Leo's voice and—sleep.

After which, of course, the morning. Leo still asleep, with his mouth open, so that you could see what you'd never seen before, his lower teeth. Not so regular as the upper and looking, strangely enough, rather old. And just the edge of his tongue, which wasn't pink at all, as one had imagined it, but a kind of whitish-purple, not altogether pleasant. And the light, creeping under the blinds (just ordinary sunlight), and the live noises of people in the street going about their business, were not altogether pleasant either. So Mary, lying back on her pillow and staring at the nasty little painted cupids on the ceiling, suddenly began to tremble. And as she lay and trembled she realised that she had done the one unforgivable thing.

She had done it, and Leo had done it, in the name of those horrible, leering little painted children. And all the little things, years old, which had grown up between her and Harry had been swept away, as if by a giant broom, by this one night.

She lay, stiff and cold, staring up at that damnable ceiling, and tried to throw out of her mind the odd things which kept creeping in. She tried to think of Leo's voice, and of Leo whispering, of Leo in the *douane*, of the flowers, of the tenderness of Leo. And then she looked at Leo and at that little edge of tongue, and turned away and groaned. For the thought that kept on beating at her mind was that for years she had called Harry

"Horrid big buffalo," and that she would never, never be able to call Leo anything else but Leo. And that may appear a very trivial thing to upset a woman before breakfast, yet is, for all that, an affair which happens a great deal more often than we respectable and presumably happy people care to think. For that side of life was all gone, irretrievably gone, because Mary Partington had travelled to Paris and slept the night with Leo. You couldn't get round that.

It was immorality. Harry could get men in horsehair wigs to say that he need never have anything to do with her again. No question about that. She stared at the nasty pink cupids on the ceiling and knew that she had done for herself. For what? She had to look at Leo again. He hadn't changed. He still slept—if not the sleep of the just, the sleep of the satisfied. And they were to go South together . . . South, which meant getting warmer and warmer, though Mary knew that it meant, for her, getting colder and colder.

She crept slowly out of bed. She dressed herself without a sound. Leo still lay upon his back, his mouth open, his chest rising and falling in deep, satisfied breaths. In the sitting-room, its flowers dying in the stale air, she wrote a little note. It was addressed to no one at all, and perhaps rightly. "I've mucked it," that is how the note ran, "I've mucked it, and I'm not sure I ever loved at all."

That was all. She wrote it on the back of the menu of last night's supper, and she propped it up against a little ornament upon the mantelpiece. Even as she slipped on her coat and went to the door she noticed that the ornament against which she had put the note was another horrible little china cupid. And then she walked down the stairs and into the street, oddly surprised that no one challenged her, and found herself in Paris.

Paris, yesterday so grand an adventure, seemed to-day a wilderness. She had no background. Leo was, to her, dead. She herself was dead to Harry. She had done the unforgivable thing. There was no excuse. The Thing had stretched out its arms towards her, grasped her, taken her—and put her back. Mary Partington—outcast. The envied, happily married woman, outcast!

"How did you find me?" she asked

EVEN so, she was hungry. She found a little café and over some rolls and butter and a cup of coffee which didn't taste in the least Continental, she wondered what she should do next. It is easy to guess the number of things she wondered about, the possibilities which chased themselves through her brain. They were mostly born of novels and the lighter side of history.

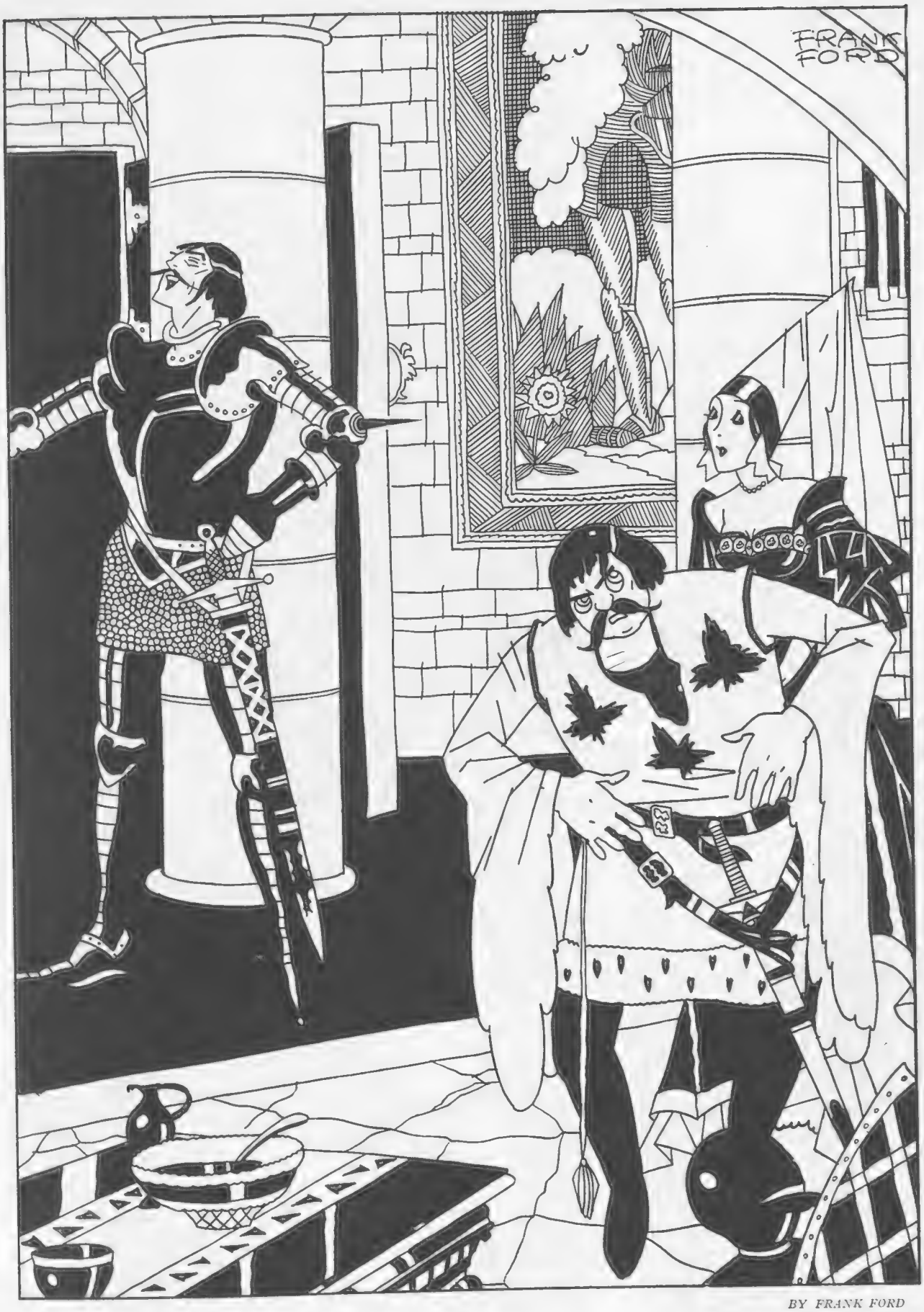
What actually happened was that, after an inspection of her bag, she found herself once again at the Gare du Nord, just able to get back to Dover, so long as she didn't spend a sou on anything else but transport, and, in due time, she stood on the draughty platform of Dover station, ruined, degraded, without a penny in the world, and wondering why on earth she was there at all.

Being weary, and hungry, and hopeless—she did nothing. She only wandered along the platform and—because it was there over a bridge, and then on to another platform where she felt suddenly that her legs did not belong to her, and so sat down, luckily upon a seat, and closed her eyes. The music of the station roared about her and seemed almost to persuade her to sleep.

A fat, troublesome mother, obsessed by the care of a small pale boy, flopped down beside her, planting a pilgrim basket upon her lap, without even noticing her presence. Nor did Mary notice the pilgrim basket. She was exhausted, she was hungry, and nature being notoriously kind, she was asleep.

There came a sudden roar, a series of clangings and bumpings, a curious coming to life of the whole scene, and Mary opened her eyes. Something snatched something off her lap. Something big, clutching something small,

(*Continued on page 214*)



BY FRANK FORD

"What ails thee, Sire?"
"That knave Fitzwarren hath dug me in the ribs!"

Josephine Baker as she appeared in a Paris revue — *Walery*

HANNEN SWAFFER

In this article our contributor touches on the question of coloured artists in England, but it must be understood that the touch is that of Hannen Swaffer and that the views here expressed are not necessarily those of the Editor.

WHEN, at midnight, a few weeks ago, I saw Paul Robeson and his wife walking through Trafalgar Square, they stopped suddenly at the African window facing the fountain, and looked at a most life-like lion that was illuminated behind the glass.

"One of your native lions, Paul," I said.

His face lit up with a pleased smile.

Robeson is one of the most cultured negroes who has visited England for years. He had played twice for the all-America football team, and would have been captain the second year but for his colour. He had been so successful in *Show Boat* that Sir Alfred Butt swore an affidavit that Drury Lane might have to close if he went back to America. He was fêted by the Trite Young Things and implored to go to every cocktail party north of the New Cut. His one-man concerts at Drury Lane had been so profitable that he was booked to appear, all by himself, at the Albert Hall.

And yet when a stuffed lion looked at him his heart went right back to the jungle.

WHEN Roland Hayes, before the negro boom began, was here singing tenor songs he brought books on the cultural uplift of the American negro, and his dream was to go back to Africa to study the origin of the native tunes, out of which his countrymen were making a fortune.

Florence Mills, too, induced to go to one party—she usually refused, and, indeed, once failed to turn up to meet two theatrical stars who had condescended to eat at the same table, saying she did not dine with white folks—burst into an impassioned prayer that, one day, her people would come into their own.

YET not long afterwards, in spite of her splendid influence over the *Blackbirds* company, small crowds of whites used to wait for blacks outside the London Pavilion stage door. Scandals were hard to suppress, and a stabbing affray that took place in a Long Acre flat, because one black man found another ill-treating a white woman, was only kept secret by the heroism of the stabbed man. No police were called in. No doctor could be traced, and no hospital knew anything about it. An astute friend, visited by a reporter, produced a negro with no stab, and no cut. Although it was the wrong negro, to a white man all blacks look alike. So it was never printed. There were other scandals, too ugly even for guarded words.

A gradual process of colourisation has gone on in London ever since I protested against the original invasion. I did so as much in the interests of the black people themselves as because I feared trouble for Londoners. These things react all over the world.

I HAVE been misunderstood. Indeed, I was thrown out of the first night of *Dover Street to Dixie* because I had protested. Yet when I saw Florence Mills for the first time in *Blackbirds* I ecstasised over her genius, and, when I met her, a modest shrinking idealist, I thought it pitiful to see how afraid she looked. She thought I was an enemy of her race—that was until we talked.

Roland Hayes, Paul Robeson and Florence Mills did much, with their high standard of conduct, to make us understand. Yet Josephine Baker's arrival in London—she came over by air to attend a negro jamboree at the London Pavilion—was nearly as misconceived as were her nude dances which, in Paris, made her into a sort of Night Club Queen. In Vienna her driving behind an ostrich made her ridiculous.

It is a difficult problem . . .

"I WANT you to meet Layton and Johnstone," a friend wrote to me, not long ago. "They want to know the right people."

I felt honoured at thinking that I am one of the "right people," even in the eyes of over-paid singers of silly songs.

The other week I read that "Hutch," another much-fêted negro, was to play the organ at the wedding of the daughter of a member of the first Socialist Government.

Why a church organ should be played by a man famous for jazz tunes I did not know. Then I saw that the story was "only a joke."

Why was it a joke? If a negro can go to your house, surely he can play an organ in church? Is God supposed to put in a colour bar where you do not?

NOT many months ago an accredited representative of South Africa told me that the only salvation of Africa was the giving of votes to the black people. Ideas are changing. Even in a Johannesburg newspaper, the other week, I read a tribute to Paul Robeson's acting in *Show Boat*. It had in the middle,

ON A BLACK OUTLOOK

J. Craven

Paul Robeson, who made a great personal success in "Show Boat" at Drury Lane

too, a picture of the coloured singer. That would have been impossible in any African newspaper a few years ago. "Africa for the Africans" is now Marcus Garvey's dream.

A millionaire sent his secretary to see me a few weeks back.

"Is Carl van Vechten black or white?" I was asked. He had been asked to one of these "parties," I suppose, and he wanted to know.

When du Bose Heyward and his wife came here with *Porgy* people thought they were black folk until they met them.

THERE is growing up a new understanding of the blacks—one that causes more trouble, however. Centuries of oppression are resulting in a harvest of tears.

We stole the black man's country. We herded him cruelly in ships. We sold him for cotton plantations. We behaved like fiends towards a weaker race. Now that these people are looking towards the light, we show them not the sun of freedom but limelight. We give them, not the hand of a helpful friendship, but foolish applause.

WHEN the Royal Academy hung on its walls last year a picture of a white woman worshipping the muscles of an enormous negro, they took it off the walls of Burlington House. But, reproduced in the pages of *The Times*, it had already gone to the ends of the British Empire.

Besides, it was true. . . .

DU BOSE HEYWARD, who lives in Charleston, South Carolina, saw one day a white policeman shoot a negro dead. That shot brought to protesting point all that he had seen of the negroes' woes in the town where he was born.

He wrote poems about them, and then *Porgy* as a book. His wife, who was a dramatist, made it into a play, and, to New York's surprise, it was the stage sensation of a year.

The late Florence Mills—a supreme artist

SOME of us may remember the Fisk Jubilee Singers who sang plantation songs before Queen Victoria. More of us recall *In Dahomey*, which ran for such a long time at the Shaftesbury. Then came the Southern Syncopated Orchestra. Then, after *The Rainbow*, which failed so terribly at the Empire, and the first Florence Mills's visit, negroes began to pour in almost by the score.

Layton and Johnstone crowded even the Usher Hall, Edinburgh, and, taking over music-hall bills, broke records. Then London began to see serious aspects of the coloured problem made into plays. *The Emperor Jones*, Eugene O'Neill's background of savagery, failed to draw. *All God's Chillun's Got Wings* was played cheaply by whites in a sort of barn near Charing Cross. Now *Porgy* has come, with its drab sombreness, to show, on the stage of His Majesty's, a relic of the life which, a generation ago, millions of negroes were leading before they began their great march North to invade Harlem and push the white folk away.

Porgy is a nocturne in black and brown. It is a symphony based on a monotone of mournfulness. Yet it is an epic of trustfulness—the belief of a crippled negro in his love for a coloured girl. There are two murders, and there is a storm. There is grief and there are childish joys.

Its plot is the beating of the heart of a people. Its grandeur is in the simpleness of little incidents.

It is conceived with sympathy; it is produced with genius. It is not acted; it is lived. H. S.

Frank Wilson, playing the title-role in "Porgy" at His Majesty's

PARIS GOSSIP

ANTIQUES, AERONAUTICS, & ACTRESSES

By JAY MARTIN

DRAWN BY SCHUS

"The King went on carelessly flicking his ashes on to the flunkey's hat"

THIS is going to start out to be a very literary article, but be patient, my children, and if you will allow me to be literary for a paragraph or two, perhaps by the time I reach the end of this department of THE BYSTANDER I will be able to cook up a good scandal for you.

THE other day the Princesse Marthe Bibesco asked me to go over to her house, as Sir Philip Sassoon was to be there. Something or other interfered, and by the time I arrived at her flat in the Faubourg St. Honoré, the Princesse said, "Philip has gone, and there is nobody left but Stanislas de la Rochefoucauld." It seems that whenever Sassoon is in Paris he rushes around all over the Rue le Boetie and Quai Voltaire looking for antiques, but I think he missed a lot in not seeing me, although I am no Louis XV *berceuse*. However, the Princesse said that he was to return at half-past six, so in the meantime we took a drive and a walk in the Bois, and I said that I could not be reconciled to the thought of having the Avenue du Bois changed to the Avenue du Maréchal Foch, and she said that it should never have been changed from its original name, "L'Avenue de l'Imperatrice," as the Empress Eugenie did quite a lot for Paris.

SO I returned to the Faubourg St. Honoré later in the afternoon, and there was Sir Philip. I expected to see a few antiques or airplanes falling out of his pockets, but instead he had his book, "The Third Route," a chronicle of his flight to India, which is to be published by Heinemann, and which the Princesse Bibesco is to translate into French. I looked at Sassoon and was amazed to find anybody so young could be an M.P. and fly around and buy antiques and write books at the same time. As the Princesse is leaving for Morocco to join her husband, the Prince Georges Bibesco, who has been hunting in Africa with the Prince de Ligne, I thought I would borrow the book to read before she leaves, as she wants to take it with her. No doubt it will take her mind off the zebras and rhinoceroses her husband will be bound to talk about. So I am the proud, although not permanent, possessor of Sir Philip's "The Third Route."

BY SYLVIA LYON

SIR PHILIP SASSOON

"THE THIRD ROUTE" is an Air Iliad (or do I mean Air Odyssey, I have forgotten my Greek; I used to speak it just like a native, yes, I did). Sassoon and his companions start off in the Iris II, a flying boat, because, I suppose, they would rather splash than bump. The Under-Secretary for Air also started off with a bad cold, which he lost in his excitement. He tells how he had to accommodate a varied wardrobe in a small space, as he needed clothes for all climates and for informal and formal occasions, so I expected that he would describe some of the parties he was on, but he didn't, to my great disappointment.

HOW thrilling it must be to fly, and not be too dizzy to retain impressions received in space and at such a pace. Before their second landing, near Biarritz, he describes the Landes country: ". . . a long tricolour ribbon, the straight line of green pines, gleaming white sand, and blue sea." Above Greece: ". . . the light . . . seems to flow around the objects it caresses, illuminating the hidden corners, bathing them in quiet radiance. As one looks down from above, the shadow cast by a fig-tree seems to be but a splash of colour on the mountain side." Sassoon had time to look in at the Museum: "Statues of priestesses in cylindrical positions, in such jolly accordion-pleated frocks."

AT Cairo he comes down to business, and flies around Egypt inspecting the air stations of the Middle East Command. I find it remarkable to be so sensitive to beauty, and impressed by history, and to remember one's job at the same time. He describes the training school at Abi-Sueir, the only R.A.F. training school outside of England, and says that from the air above Thebes the land is "stiff with temples, and honeycombed with tombs." The Dead Sea is "curious but not nice." In his six weeks' tour for the R.A.F. he glimpses every stage of the earth's civilisation from the air. All Sir Philip Sassoon has to do now is to write a few novels, and then he will be another Disraeli.

THE pink marble house in the Avenue du Bois, owned by the Duchesse de Talleyrand, was once the scene of a party that had for a highlight an incident which, I am sure, was left out of the Memoirs of the Marquis de Castellane. It was while the former Anna Gould was married to Boni de Castellane that a small dinner followed by a big reception was given for King Carlos of Portugal. After dinner the King sat on the landing of the double staircase smoking a long cigar. On the marble floor just beneath him stood a tall *Suisse*, all dressed up in a feathered hat and halberd. He stood motionless, while from the kingly heights above floated downward cigar-ash after cigar-ash.

(Continued on page 202)

Remember all next week

The AMBER TREASURE

featuring

O CHIN CHIN

as

The MYSTERIOUS DR HOO

Will Everard St Claire betray the address of the nearest agent?

Scenario by TSING HI
Produced by TSING LO

Worthington
GENERAL RELEASE

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 200)

MISTINGUETT AND THE MOULIN ROUGE

Apers, Paris

MISTINGUETT

The ever-young star of the Moulin Rouge photographed with her toy monkey "for luck" Jay Martin records an interview with the famous "Mis" on this page

No one was conscious of the poor flunkey's predicament. The King went on carelessly flicking ashes, but the only ash-receiver was the flunkey's hat. By the time King Carlos went in search of supper the unhappy *Suisse* looked like a Pompeiian ruin.

THE French Government has put a clamp on the invasion of foreign films that can only act as a boomerang. Such a ridiculous ratio of so many American films to be imported against so many French films to be exported to the United States was demanded that an impasse has been reached, despite the efforts of the American commercial attaché and the visit, last fall, of Will Hays. The Paris headquarters of the American film companies are shutting down, and will only carry out their current contracts to exhibitors. Associated Artists, Paramount, Universal, First National, Warner-Brothers, and Metro-Goldwyn, are closing, throngs of French employees will be out of work, and Parisian exhibitors are in a frenzy. For who wants to see a French picture, anyhow? The only good one I have ever seen is *Les Nouveaux Messieurs*, from the play by Robert de Flers and Francis de Croisset. This picture is so good that one minute after its pre-view Jacques Feyder, who directed it, was carried off to Hollywood. That pre-view was several months ago, and caused such a political disturbance that everybody is surprised at its present run.

WHILE on the subject of pictures, I met the other day, in the Ritz bar, Prince Serge Mdivani, the husband of Pola Negri. I have known Serge for years, and never saw him looking so well nor so happy. Then, a day or so later you can imagine my surprise when I learned that Pola is divorcing him. Serge had gone off to Monte Carlo with his family, and when he returned he went straight to his father's flat in the rue Pergolese, Pola having left their hotel to go to her chateau, Seraincourt. The principal cause for their separation is because, instead of shining in his wife's reflected glory, Serge is very much in business for himself: he is the Continental agent for Pat Power's talking-movie apparatus. Serge's brother, David Mdivani, is married to Mae Murray, and his other brother, Alexis, is at Cambridge. One of the Mdivani girls is married to Charles Huberich, an American attorney with affiliations at the Hague Peace Court, and the other is the wife of José-Maria Sert, the Spanish painter.

LITTLE did I think that when I promised my readers a good scandal in this article that I would be given material by an old friend. When I saw Serge the other day, and he came over to have a cocktail at our table, he asked: "How is business?" "Fine!" I said. "Lots of scandals in Paris?" he inquired. "Oh, simply swell," said I. So there you are! Only there is no scandal in this divorce. It's the most natural thing in the world.

THE Moulin Rouge is in the process of being sold to an English firm, and Mistinguett, if the deal goes through, will receive for her shares a sum even greater than that for which her famous legs are insured. I dashed down to Mistinguett's flat, which is in the Boulevard des Capucines, in the heart of Paris, to get the big news myself. "I cannot tell the name of the people who are buying the Moulin Rouge because I am very, very superstitious. You see, I am so superstitious, that is why I had this photograph taken with a monkey, because monkeys bring good luck, don't they?" "Do they?" I asked. "Oh, yes," she said. "I may go to England at twelve o'clock to-day, or may not until Thursday. I am waiting for a wire. I hope it's not Thursday, because it's so difficult for me to pronounce Thursday in English. I may appear in a London show. I would love to. I have never played in London. I may make a contract with that little fellow who is with Grossmith. I've forgotten his name. But that is because it is English." J. M.

FILM NOTES

Betty Compson and Milton Sills in a scene from "The Barker," the First National Vitaphone picture which was recently seen at The Regal Cinema, Marble Arch. Betty Compson was recently rumoured to be going to divorce her husband because he would stay at home at night. The latest report, however, says that she is thinking better of it

INTRODUCING "THE BARKER"

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

"The Barker" at the Regal

It is my pleasant duty this week to salute an actor whose career I long since supposed to be finished, and to record of him that he has given one of the best film performances of the year. For some time now Mr. Milton Sills, hopelessly miscast as a handsome hero, has waged a losing fight against a dozen or more pretty and popular boys fresh from school, and I am quite sure that the more fickle of his admirers have long since transferred their allegiance to one of these many Grecian profiles.

The faithful ones will soon be repaid for their loyalty. It has remained for a very capable director, George Fitzmaurice, to make the discovery that Mr. Sills is an admirable character actor, and to start him off with a new lease of life in "The Barker."

"The Barker" has, by the way, been described as a film of circus life. It is nothing of the sort, and those whose hearts have so often been wrung by broken-hearted clowns need fear no repetition of this weary Pagliacci theme. "The Barker" is a story of what we call showmen and the Americans described as "Carnival" people—fat girls, bearded women, snake-charmers, hula-dancers, and pigmies. We have all seen these strange people performing in their stuffy booths, and wondered what they are really like. Mr. Fitzmaurice is kind enough to take us behind the scenes and show us what happens when the tents are taken down and the nomads climb aboard their train and the nomads climb aboard their train *en route* for the next town. They are a weary company, their throats hoarse with much shouting, their nerves on edge after long hours of posturing in the heat; and Fitzmaurice exhibits them without any attempt to gild the gingerbread. The long night on the train is their one opportunity of relaxation during the week, and they amuse themselves in different ways—some drink, some play poker, some quarrel, and others make love. They all combine to make one of the most interesting films that I remember.

Milton Sills, who scores a big success in the name part in the new film "The Barker"

A Barker, or Spieler, it is perhaps necessary to explain, is the leather-lunged gentleman who stands outside his own particular booth and urges you, in stentorian accents, to visit the marvels within. Nifty Miller, most accomplished of spielers, "barks" for Carrie, the "Hawaiian" dancer, and in real life Nifty and Carrie have lived together for many years, and have every intention of continuing to do so for the rest of their lives.

Unfortunately for Carrie, a thunderbolt suddenly drops at her feet in the shape of an innocent young boy in an ill-fitting suit. This is Chris,

Dorothy Mackaill, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., and Milton Sills in another scene from "The Barker." Lady Eleanor Smith discusses this film in this number

Nifty's adored son, who has been brought up "respectable" by his grandparents in the country with the object of one day becoming a lawyer. Chris, however, has come to the conclusion that summer holidays with grandmamma are not particularly amusing, and turns up unexpectedly to spend his vacation on the fair-ground with papa.

After some argument he is allowed to stay, and Nifty explains to an indignant Carrie that for the next few months she must keep out of his way; it would never do for the innocent Chris to guess their real relationship. The sinuous Hawaiian dancer is, however, a lady of volcanic temperament, and Nifty's ultimatum immediately transforms her into a revengeful hell-cat. She hires "Lou," a snake-charmer of light morals, to "vamp" Chris, realising that the father, when he learns of the intrigue, will soon pack the lad back to school. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to relate that the two fall madly in love with each other and run away to get married, whereupon Nifty, hearing of the not very creditable part played by Carrie in this affair, makes a businesslike and almost successful attempt to strangle her, after which he takes to drink and is unable any longer to "bark" for his mistress. Eventually, of course, he drifts back to the fair-ground, lured both by the show and by a chastened and contrite Carrie. He resumes his old position as barker, considerably mellowed by the news that Chris, while continuing to cherish his snake-charmer, has nevertheless obtained a highly respectable job in a lawyer's office

"The Barker" thrills from start to finish, and is one of the best films sent from America for many months. Milton Sills is excellent in the title-rôle, and proves to be the possessor of a fine speaking voice. Betty Compson gives the performance of her career as the spiteful Carrie. Dorothy Mackaill is, to my mind, miscast as the snake-charmer; she is too placid and unemotional a beauty for the spitfire Lou, and one thought of Claudette Colbert's stage performance with regret. Douglas Fairbanks, jun., as Chris, brings a pleasant Young Woodley-ish flavour to the Bohemian atmosphere of the fair-ground. Messrs. Fitzmaurice and Sills should be well pleased with their work.

Billie Dove and Clive Brook in a tense scene from "The Yellow Lily." It is a First National Pathé picture, and will be released at the end of this month

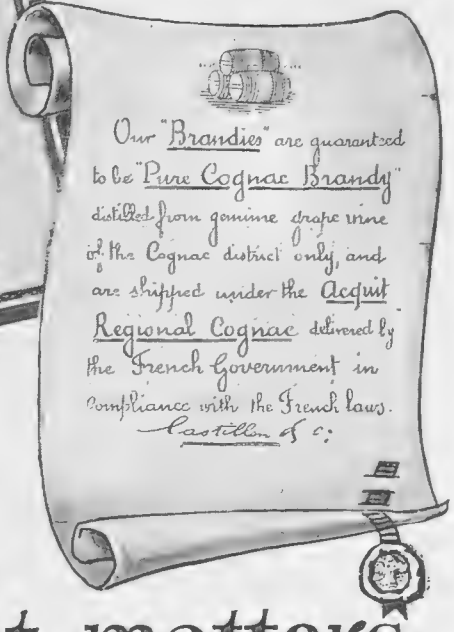
"The Doctor's Secret" at the Plaza

Barrie's grim, brilliant little play has been most cleverly and skilfully adapted to the screen, although why "Half an Hour" should become "The Doctor's Secret" is not entirely clear to my mind. However, this playlet is undoubtedly the most successful Talkie yet filmed from a British point of view, for the simple reason that nearly all the actors are English, and their clear, agreeable voices are delightful to listen to. Miss Ruth Chatterton, the leading lady, is, I believe, American; one must pay the lady the compliment of admitting that one would never guess it. H. B. Warner acquits himself admirably as the boorish husband. John Loder speaks his lines with aplomb and grace; while a sharp little girl whose name is unknown to me contrives to show us just how clever sharp little girls can be when they really try.

I have only one complaint to make about "The Doctor's Secret," and that is not, I think, an unreasonable one. In the play the husband appears to accept the wife's story, and if he has suspicions keeps them secret; in the film he accuses her publicly, making a violent and uncomfortable scene before his guests, and, incidentally, destroying much of the satirical subtlety with which Barrie brought the play to its close. Apart from this the film is remarkably good, and, taken in conjunction with "The Barker," makes this week one of especial interest

Eleanor Smith.

Map of the Charente Districts of South-west France — the home of COGNAC



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Price half-a-crown. (And of course, you can buy the same good Kensitas at ten for sixpence or twenty for a shilling)

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

CLASHES AND CLASSES

By RALPH STRAUS

SOME years ago there flourished in London a courtly old gentleman who not only knew but could prove that Bacon wrote all Shakespeare, all Spenser, and most of the other first-class work that was published in those exceptional days. I say "prove," because he would invite you to his house and allow you to handle books from Bacon's own library, and proceed to demonstrate, to your entire satisfaction, that every volume contained some hidden reference to the great secret.

❋

THERE could be no question about it. There, in front of your nose, were books which Bacon himself had annotated, and they were riddled with cyphers, written and printed, which invariably told the same story. And you left the house wondering how anybody (*sic*) in his senses could continue to believe that one Shakspere, or Shaxper, of Stratford-on-Avon, could ever have written the Shakespearian plays. Obviously, Bacon, the son of Elizabeth, and, after her death, *de jure* King Francis I of England, was their author. Obviously—until you had enjoyed a night's rest.

❋

I WAS reminded of a visit I once paid to this old gentleman after reading Miss Ellen Wilkinson's first novel, *Clash* (Harrap: 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a most readable and interesting book, and after putting it down you realise the monstrous iniquity of not being a Labour M.P., or at at least a worker in "the cause." You understand the true hatefulness and incredible folly of the capitalistic miscreants and hypocrites with whom you have hitherto been associating in the mistaken belief that they were fairly decent folks. And you wonder how any sane human being can continue to believe in any political system other than that fathered by Mr. A. J. Cook. You wonder—until you have enjoyed a night's rest.

❋

ALL of which, by the way, is high praise for Miss Wilkinson, for it means that in her story of the General Strike and its effects she has been exceedingly judicious. The propaganda is there, but, like Bacon's messages, it is cunningly hidden. There is really nothing in the book to which even the die-hardest peer could seriously object, yet real people come in, and there is plenty of plain speaking, and those who are neither red nor reddish are not permitted to shine.

❋

PERHAPS, however, I ought not to say anything of the book's political atmosphere. This is a merely bookish page. And it does so happen that Miss Wilkinson is not only embroidering a fragment of history, but attempting to answer a question which must interest all women to-day. Joan Craig is a trades union official, and obviously marked out for Parliament; but she is also an attractive young woman who finds herself called on to choose between a husband and a career.

❋

SHE loves Tony, the distinguished journalist — lamentably middle-class, I am sorry to say—and Tony would marry her (after arranging a divorce), but he very definitely wants all of her. And she likes Gerry, once an airman, D.S.O., who is quite keen on "the cause" as she is, and would be willingly to work with her. Which of the two is it to be? That is the little problem which Miss Wilkinson decides for her heroine, and whether she solves it in the right way I must leave to her sex to decide.

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P.

Whose first novel, "Clash" (Harrap, 7s. 6d.), appeared this month It is a political novel dealing with modern politics and the General Strike

❋

IT is not a great book, but it is a sincere book, with jolly bits of writing in it, and one or two excellent portraits. And it is not only propaganda. It now remains for Lady Astor or Mrs. Philipson to give us the other side of the story.

❋

AND while on the subject of Labour politics, let me mention an amusing satirical novel in which an M.P. of the Extreme Left becomes king of a small, and presumably, Balkan kingdom. In *King of the Khorkans* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.*), it seems to me, Mr. Hugh Tuite is at once having a fling against extreme political views and parodying the usual Ruritanian romance. Mr. Reuben Dale, M.P., has risen, as they say, from the ranks. He has no use for upper-class fripperies. But once the Khorkanian crown is on his head, and sufficient Bass has been imported into the royal cellars, King Reuben shows his new subjects that their choice of a monarch could hardly have been bettered. It is all light-hearted farce, but rather delightfully done.

❋

MISS WILKINSON writes about clashes and classes; in *Dark Hester* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*) Anne Douglas Sedgwick is writing of clashes in the family. I have always admired Miss Sedgwick's work, but here she is hardly at her best. I have no fault to find with the writing—the little story is beautifully told—but the portraits are not as clear-cut as they might be, and about one little matter I was never certain whether the author intended one to understand.

❋

TO play mother-in-law really well cannot be easy for a widow with an only son. Mrs. Wilmott hates Hester for daring to take Clive away from her. She tries to be "fair," but after discovering that the girl has had "a past," only succeeds in making mischief. The position is complicated by the fact of Hester's old lover coming on the scene and attracting the widow. The older woman attempts to commit suicide, Hester conveniently saves her, the lover departs, and presumably there are to be no further clashes.

❋

WELL, things no doubt happen in this way, but for all that there is a touch of artificiality about the story, and the part that the old lover is called on to play seemed to me unsatisfactory. And I do not believe that Mrs. Wilmott, who had not been slightly shell-shocked like her son, would ever have tried to throw herself in front of a train. Women, however, are curious creatures, and I may be wrong. Perhaps Miss Sedgwick has been too subtle for me this time.

❋

I DO not know whether publishers will "stand easy" during the election period, but at the moment there seems little falling off in the numbers of new novels. As a result, much good work is in danger of passing unnoticed. I have, for instance, seen little mention of Miss Winifred James's new book, *Three Births in the Hemmingway Family* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), yet it seems to

me to be a work of considerable distinction, and this in spite of a rather awkward lack of cohesion.

❋

AND yet that, perhaps, is not quite fair. The point is this: there are three parts to the book, and the middle one has little to do with the others. So far as mere story goes, this middle part, which relates how the spirit of a man, long since dead, returns to the world to give a few hours of happiness to a poor overworked woman before her death, could well be omitted altogether. Yet it is far and away the finest part of the book, a little idyll most beautifully told

❋

NEVERTHELESS, I fancy that you will be interested in the other parts as well. You will like old Peter Hemmingway, who is quietly waiting for death—or is it another birth?—and you will like his son, who is waiting to understand the things of this life, and you may be sympathetic towards his granddaughter, who is so typical a product of the modern "fashionable" world. Moreover, behind their story, not, I admit, very dramatic, though certainly lifelike, there is a subtle interpretation of life as we know it. In a word, this book is thoughtful, unusual, and in its way fascinating: not everybody's book, but not to be missed by those who are a little tired of the hectic hothouse affair which is in such vogue to-day.

RALPH STRAUS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISS LAVENDER OF LONDON. By Joan Kennedy. (John Long: 7s. 6d.)

THE HOUSE OF MEMORIES. By Barbara Wilson. (Heinnemann: 6s.)

THE LAUGHING STRING. By Hildegarde Huntsman. (Thornton Butterworth: 7s. 6d.)

THE REBEL PASSION. By K. Burdekin. (Thornton Butterworth: 7s. 6d.)

STARS AND STREET LAMPS. By Mary Mair. (Fowler Wright: 3s.)

WINTER. By F. Griese. (Longmans: 7s. 6d.)

WEREWOLF. By Charles Swem. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

THE RED KITE CLUE. By Owen Fox Jerome. (Skeffington: 7s. 6d.)

THE C.V.C. MURDERS. By Kirby Williams. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF YOUTH. By Jessica G. Cosgrave. (Rider: 3s. 6d.)

THE NEW COUNTRIES. By Hector Bolitho. (Jonathan Cape: 7s. 6d.)

GUARDED HEIGHTS. By Elizabeth Carfrae. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.)

LIVING. By Henry Green. (Dent: 7s. 6d.)

THE FURTHER SIDE OF NO MAN'S LAND. By V. W. W. S. Purcell. (Dent: 7s. 6d.)

AWAKE AND REHEARSE. By Louis Bromfield. (Cape: 7s. 6d.)

THE AGRA DOUBLE MURDER. By Sir Cecil Walsh. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)

JEWELS OF THE DARK. By E. Fitzgerald. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.)

GIANT KILLER. By Elmer Davis. (Harrap: 7s. 6d.)

THIS LIFE. By Kathleen Freeman. (Cape: 7s. 6d.)

THE WILD BIRD. By Maud Diver. (Murray: 7s. 6d.)

MURDER BY THE CLOCK. By Rufus King. (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.)

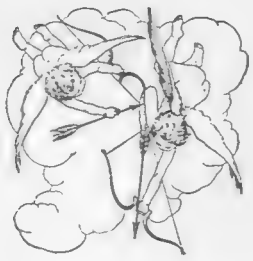
AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS

News comes from America that *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* is being filmed by the Metro-Goldwyn Meyer Company. It is understood that not all the episodes are to be used. Let us hope it will prove to be as interesting as the book.

Express to Hindustan is the title of a book shortly to appear, written by M. H. Ellis and published by The Bodley Head. The author of this book, together with a friend, started off on a motor trip to Australia with the intention of crossing as little water as possible. They travelled through Vienna, Budapest, Sofia, Constantinople, Aleppo, and Baghdad, but were forced to abandon their journey in India. This should interest motorists, especially as the route covered was across country where no motor had ever been. In fact, where there were no roads.

H. E. Bates, the author of *Catherine Foster*, recently published by Cape, was born in the valley of the Nene twenty-three years ago. A childhood spent in the woods and fields there, under the benign supervision of a sagacious grandfather, himself a story teller of the oddest kind, and a youth spent variously first as a journalist, later as a clerk, have helped to shape him. His latest stories, we are told, constitute no more than a grave remembrance of those early days.

It is not generally known that Sinclair Lewis, author of *Dodsworth*, first came over here in 1904, from his University during a vacation. He came as a cattle man on a tiny freighter. As his entire stock of money at the time was three dollars, he remained only one week and returned on the cattle steamer. Two years later he again came on a cattle steamer, and this time was so rich as to be able to remain for three weeks, getting as far as London



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ALL OF US

WE affect to despise the snob, yet, upon subtle introspection, aren't we all snobs? The streak is human, and snobs are various. They breathe vulgarly in suburbia, and sniff daintily in Mayfair. Snobbery is the mask for a pose, and the altitude of pseudo-culture. It is an ever-growing weed, impossible to choke.

The snob exists in Greek mythology, and abounds in the Bible. He is apparent in Shakespeare and Congreve, and permeates modern literature. Cut out the snob element, and the circulation of the paper in which this essay appears would automatically drop, and Pope and Bradley's advertisements would hastily disappear.

Even the few living distinguished, plastic and literary artists, by their aloofness, exhibit a sensitive form of intellectual snobbery. It is a degree of relativity: the fine painter is irritated by the poor conception of his inferiors, and the prosperous grocer's wife is arrogant towards the crudely-clad ironmonger's daughter. Only supreme artists, like Rembrandt, ignore snobbery. Then they die in poverty, and their works are sold for a crust of bread or a drink, and later for sums which represent a fortune. We live in a world of gas, my masters, as Winnie might have said when Petrol went up 2¼d.

* * * * * * * * *

Only the unintelligent foster comic illusions, and with shrewd discardment Pope and Bradley deliberately cultivate an atmosphere of super-snobbery. In the matter of clothes the Bond Street cut is an accepted standard. The wise snobs take a pride in their appearance and thus establish a criterion in style. The bravest man would have to summon a reserve of courage to dine at the Berkeley or the Embassy in a ready-made dress suit, taken from the peg. He would feel so self-conscious that his blood pressure would reach the danger point and he would swallow the most delicate food so hastily, in order to escape, that his digestion might be permanently impaired.

So, snobbery in men's clothes means luxury of style, and with women it makes an extravagant allurement of the eternal motive. To stimulate the conflict and thus decorate the fashionable stage of life this House uses the utmost subtlety in dressing the parts for the best people. Lounge Suits from ten guineas to fourteen guineas. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. od. Dress Suits from £16 16s. od.

The new frontage to our Bond Street premises is unique in character. It has been specially designed by Charles Sykes.

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"Soap and water cleanse the surface. But skin beauty is not a matter of surface care. It is imperative that the pores and tissues be freed of impurities regularly every day. There is a very simple method of doing this: *Pond's Cold Cream* the last thing at night. This should be made a regular habit. Nothing cleanses the skin of the deeply lodged impurities like this wonderful cream. Coarseness, lines and wrinkles are largely the effect of clogged pores, which prevent the skin from functioning properly. After a good cleansing with *Pond's Cold Cream* the skin is left clean and clear, and able to rejuvenate itself during the hours of sleep. It is a good thing also to cleanse with *Pond's Cold Cream* after any particularly long exposure in the open air.

"The second step in this simple method of skin care is a very natural one of protecting the delicacy of appearance which the cold cream has produced — by using *Pond's Vanishing Cream*. One should always use this cream before venturing out of doors, or at any time when one desires to look particularly captivating. It gives the skin a fine, smooth, fresh appearance."

Zena Dare

Miss Phyllis Dare

"If women would use *Pond's Cold Cream* regularly in this way—just covering the face, neck and hands with it at least once a day—they would find that most of the hollows would fill out and the natural curves would stay plump and gracefully rounded.

"The skin has two natural requirements (1) nourishment, and (2) cleansing. *Pond's Cold Cream* fulfils both these functions admirably, its only fault, so far as I am aware, is that it is inclined to make the skin too delicate in texture and tone. But fortunately Pond's other cream—the *Vanishing Cream*—prevents this delicacy from taking harm from the weather or from the dusty indoor atmosphere. It is a delightful cream to use during the day, and a safe one."

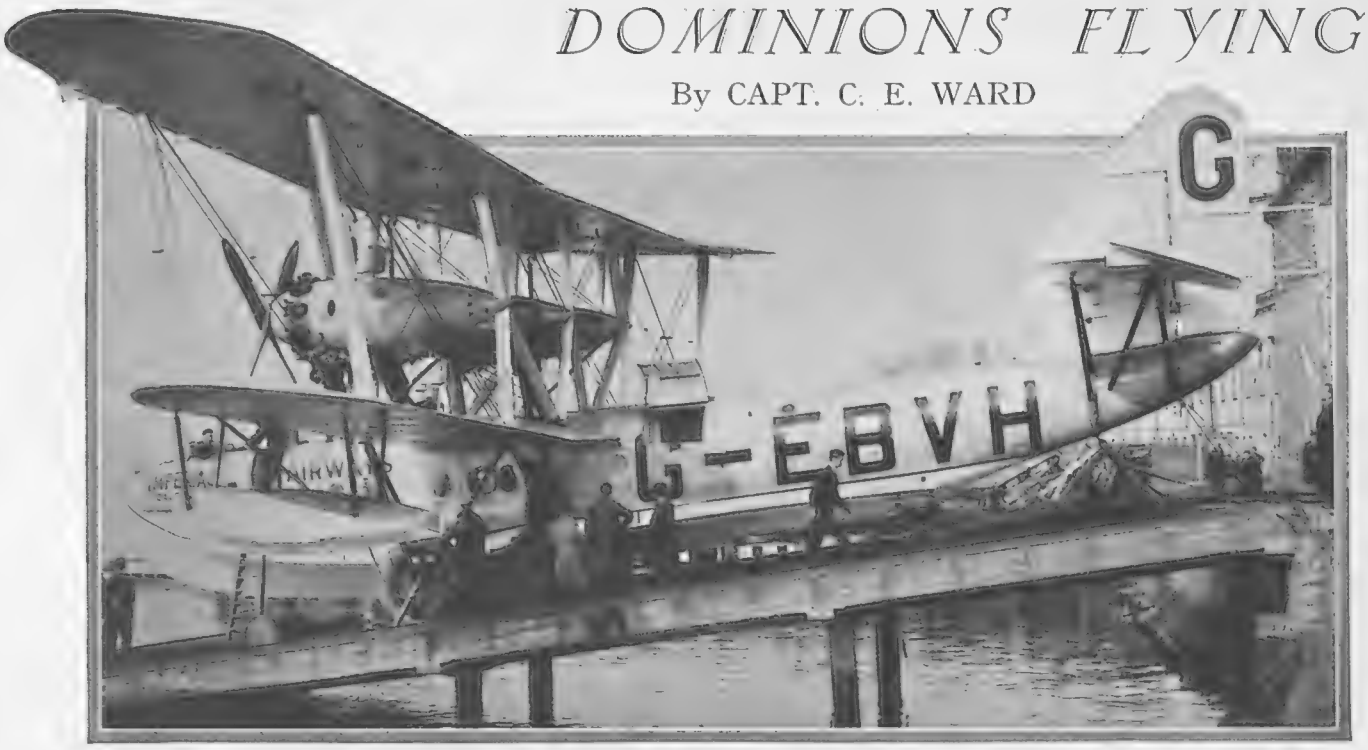
Speaking of Pond's two new preparations, the *Skin Freshener* and the *Cleansing Tissues*, Miss Phyllis Dare says: "Pond's is a great name amongst women—deservedly great because it helps to preserve what women most highly value, their personal charm. I am very pleased to say that, in my opinion, Pond's live up to their reputation in their two new products—the *Tissues* and *Freshener*."

Phyllis Dare

FLYING NOTES

DOMINIONS FLYING

By CAPT. C. E. WARD



Making final adjustments to one of the Short Jupiter Flying Boats used on the Mediterranean section of the 5,000 Mile Empire Air Service between London and India. The service, which started recently, is proving a great success

The First Empire Air Mail

On Sunday, April 14, the first air mail over the 5,000-mile route from India reached Croydon three minutes ahead of scheduled time. The passengers from India were Viscount Chetwynd and his daughter, Sir Geoffrey Salmond, the Air Officer Commanding in India; Sir Vyell Vyvyan, who had made the return trip, having gone out on the first machine from England a fortnight previously, and Sir Samuel Hoare, who joined the machine at Alexandria. From now onwards every Saturday morning a machine will leave Croydon for India, Irak and Persia, the machine from India on the return trip leaving Karachi every Sunday. On Wednesday as well as Saturday there will be an air mail service to Egypt, Palestine, Italy and Greece. Letters should be posted before midnight on the day previous to the machine's departure.

A Flying Election

All Parties are preparing to use the aeroplane for rapid transport during the General Election, and a number of candidates who are not pilots have chartered special machines for flying round their constituencies. Lord Apsley recently flew from Bristol to Truro to address the electors. Sir Philip Richardson has joined the Brooklands School of Flying, having purchased his own machine, on which he intends to make a foreign tour in the autumn. Most of the air-taxi proprietors are booked up for this last fortnight in April, and the new House should contain a great number of Members who have acquired the airman's view. There is to be a sort of aerial battle for East Herts, where Rear-Admiral Murray Sueter, the present Member, is being opposed by Pemberton Billing, who sat for the constituency during the War.

The "City of New York"

An Imperial Airways liner that has brought a touch of home to many visiting Americans in this country is on its way to New Guinea to take up a new life transporting gold from up-country to the coast. With her has gone Captain G. I. Thompson, who has piloted many thousands of passengers on their first trip aloft. The "City of New York" was built by Handley Page and has three Bristol Jupiter engines. She holds the air-liner record for the London-Paris run at 170 miles an hour, having made the trip in 80 minutes.

The First Light 'Plane Club

In Birmingham during 1909, Mr. Ivy-Rogers formed the Midland Aero Club, and in November of that year a model aeroplane and gliding contest was held in Sutton Park. Major Gilbert Dennison, the present Honorary Secretary of the Club, was elected in 1910. After the War the club was revived, and became "approved" under the Government scheme in October, 1925, when the first Moth was delivered. It has now four Moths in commission, two of which can be considered "founder members" after 3½ years' faithful service spent in shock-absorbing toil. Nearly 60 members have made their maiden solo on "L.W.," who still retains her schoolgirl complexion! This only shows you that with proper maintenance British light 'planes are built to last, as both of the original machines have done over 1,000 hours.

FIRST AIR-MAIL BETWEEN ENGLAND & INDIA

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

AIRWAYS HOUSE
CHARLES STREET
LONDON S.W.1

Above is a photograph of a letter received at these offices. It was brought by the first air Mail between England and India, and was only seven days in transit

In the Dominions

The first Aerial Derby held in South Africa was won by Flight-Lieut. Bentley on his Cirrus Mark III Moth, starting from scratch. He is proposing to fly up to Nairobi as chief pilot for a new company that has been formed to carry out air-taxi work in East Africa. Sq.-Ldr. Slatter, who is just ambling along on a pleasure cruise, should arrive in South Africa towards the end of this month with the first all-metal "Bluebird." Sir Pyers Mostyn and Mr. John Carberry, in the former's Gipsy Moth, have been examining Mount Kenya from a height of 17,000 feet, taking photographs of the glaciers and snowfields. Special trips over the peaks of Kilimanjaro and Kenya should bring much profit to the air-touring companies of Central Africa. Very few people would pay a special price in Europe to be flown over a mountain, but on the Equator there seems to be some special fascination in peaks covered with perpetual snow.

GREAT

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BASS!

George IV handing his glass to Sir Walter Scott.

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723

Central Press

Walter Hagen, Captain of the Ryder Cup team, handing back the Ryder Cup to Mr. J. B. Santley, Chairman of the Professional Golfers' Association. Britain's chances of recovering the Cup at Moortown are discussed on this page

WHY AMERICA SHOULD WIN THE RYDER CUP

By G. E. COUSINS

MR. SAMUEL RYDER, of St. Albans, donor of this handsome trophy, performed a real service to golf when he conceived the idea of a properly organised match between the professionals of the two great English-speaking nations, and this week's clash at Moortown, near Leeds, has aroused the keenest interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

IT is perhaps a significant fact, and indicative of the American attitude towards such matters, that the first Ryder Cup match at Worcester, Mass., in 1927, should have resulted in such an overwhelming victory for the United States. On that occasion only two of the twelve games were won by Great Britain, and this disastrous failure could not be excused on the ground that our men had had but little time in which to become acclimatised. Too many British Open Championships have been won by Americans since the War for the question of climate and environment to have any real importance.

THE American players, having many more opportunities for competitive play than their British rivals, and being comparatively free from the dragging ties of coaching and club-making, are always fit and always in form, and therein lies the chief reason for the present supremacy of the United States in golf. Such a state of affairs cannot be rectified in a moment, but there is another important point of difference which can and should be removed, for our own professionals do not receive that measure of financial support from the public that is accorded to the Americans.

THE U.S.A. Ryder Cup team have come fully equipped, with the aid of a fund raised by public subscription. In this country, on the contrary, the launching of the Ryder Cup Fund has met with only lukewarm support from the rank and file of golfers, whereas one would have thought that amateur players in every club would be only too eager to make their small contributions to so deserving a cause. It is not only necessary that adequate funds should be provided for these matches, but also essential that our chosen players should go into the battle secure in the knowledge that they have the financial as well as the moral support of the whole golfing community.

I FIND it impossible to agree with those super-optimists who expect a British victory, and I shall be surprised, though inordinately glad, if such a rosy prospect is realised. At the time of writing the actual composition of the teams and the order of play for Friday and Saturday is unknown, but man for man I consider the Americans to be stronger.

THE visitors have the cardinal virtue of youth, for their average age is about thirty, or some five years less than the British average. Men like George Duncan, the home team's captain, Abe Mitchell, and Fred Robson are by no means "too old at forty," but often in these affairs the skill and experience of age is outweighed by the vigour, enthusiasm and will to win of youth, and it may be found this week that the British team is too old, collectively, for the task in hand. At the top of the American list is Walter Hagen, victor in many battles, three times British Open Champion and present holder of that title, urbane and smiling in success or failure, and at the age of thirty-seven utterly confident in his own fighting powers.

I AM inclined to pick out Alliss as the man most likely to do well at Moortown, and Compston has begun the season so well, with victories at Roehampton and Coulsdon Court, that he should win his matches. Cotton's form at the moment is good, though whether his game will stand the strain of this engagement is another matter, but each and every one of the Britishers must go into the fray determined to play at his best all the time, and with no thought of an "easy" until his match is ended. The home side have the advantage of ground, and the Americans have not had much time for practice, while their change from steel to wooden shafts to conform to British golfing law may have some effect on their play. Nevertheless, I fear that when Walter Hagen and his "barnstormers" go back West the Ryder Cup will go with them.

Sport and General

Mr. F. E. Pike driving from the first tee at Wentworth during the second annual Car Mart Golf Tournament. A large entry was received and the Tournament was a great success in every way

THE GRAND ILLUSION (continued from page 196)

bustled away and vanished out of a grey picture. None of it seemed to matter very much.

Mary's eyes merely blinked. Somebody blew a whistle. Mary's eyes half opened. A train had come in. Now it was going out—backwards. There was a silly little engine at the end, puffing it out backwards.

What did that matter to her? She was very old, older than anyone had ever been, and it was time she died. Perhaps she was dying; there was a lot of noise and, anyway, she didn't want life any more, and that seemed, after all, the kindest way of dying . . .

But her eyes opened suddenly and there was a vision of Harry. A vision of Harry, just as he would be, in a great overcoat with the collar turned up, and a silly scarf escaping down the front. And either Harry said "Good God!" or else he didn't. And it might well have been a delusion that Harry said—to someone else—"No, I shan't be going any farther. What's the next train up?" Part of a nightmare, all that. But not part of a nightmare somebody holding a cup of hot liquid close to her lips and, apparently, explaining to a Pullman waiter, in a voice which sounded amazingly like Harry's, that "he'd like the door locked, and, if necessary, would pay for the rest of the seats."

Then blessed oblivion again, and a warm feeling inside, smashed by a torment further inside still. Then a definite feeling of consciousness: a feeling that she was alive and that she lay, tucked up in a rug, along one seat of a Southern first-class carriage.

And opposite her, a man, Harry, looking just the same as ever. With only one difference—and that her own. That she loved him, that he was adorable—and that she had lost him.

"Feelin' better?" asked Harry, in that voice of his which always suggested foxes and hounds. Typical of Harry, that. He'd been trained to take a toss without squealing.

How had he found her? More delicious still, *why* had he found her? And then she remembered the bedroom, with the painted cupids on the ceiling, and Leo's open mouth—and she knew that she was done. She saw Harry's mother, in the doorway of the big Leicestershire house, welcoming them to the big Leicestershire house-party—hunting, shooting folk—whose hearts would be broken if their pride was broken. Yet she was feeling better. Well enough to face it. No good putting it off. Harry never put things off—Harry never hesitated at a stiff fence. After all, she'd done for herself, and the only thing left for her to do was to face it.

"How did you find me?" she asked.

He seemed uneasy.

"I—er—found out something about it," he answered, and it seemed that he was the one who was ashamed Queer animals, men.

"And then?"

"They told me you were in Paris—with Leo Tancrest."

"I was." She gave it to him definitely.

He knocked out a pipe into the little ashtray by the door. But he said nothing. Nor did she. She could not tell him any more. At last after a long silence he spoke.

"It — er — went the whole way?"

For one moment she saw the possibility of deceiving him. Then her own pride immediately put it away.

"Yes," she answered, and closed her eyes, seeing more clearly than ever that Leicestershire home, and Harry's mother—and a crowd of guests in hunting pink and glossy hats, who could understand nothing. She'd done for herself, but, at least, she had told the truth.

The train ceaselessly swayed and rattled over points, and lights pirouetted past the clouded windows. He said nothing. But suddenly, awkwardly, he put out his great red hand and took hers. Then, in a shy, schoolboyish voice he said, "Look here, Mary!" and there he stopped again.

He gave a tremendous sigh, and his fingers pressed her hand. "Look here, Mary," he said, all in a gasp, "did you call him . . . 'horrid big buffalo' . . . or—or . . . anything like that?"

Then he sat back and sucked at his pipe as if he were determined to eat it.

She slowly raised herself on one elbow and looked at him.

"No," she answered, "of course not. I called him 'Leo.' Why?"

He blew heavily into his pipe, and—forgetting that it was empty—knocked it out again.

"Fact is," he said shyly, "that's the only kind of thing that matters."

Then he picked up the evening paper and buried himself behind it.

Mary lay back and began to readjust her values. Harry knew—knew the whole business, and yet the only thing . . . .

Ye gods, what a universal illusion! Why, all her friends. . . .

Jolt—bang—faces of porters at the window. Lights. A suspicion of fog. The hiss of steam. Pillars glistening in the wet. Victoria! Home!

J. H. T.

DILEMMA

A GERMAN lady, ecstatic after a holiday on the Riviera, on her return to her native land felt impelled to write to THE BYSTANDER about it. It will be observed that she has favoured verse, not in rhymed couplets or even blank—which G.B.S. says is so easy—but in a form which is free and easy

Miss Nobody from Berlin
Has come to the Riviera;
She has made up her mind
To conquer that shore—
And really—she means it!

She is not quite as slender
As English girls are,
And a trifle too noisy;
But so genuine—all giggles
And blushes

She finds her cocktails exciting,
And takes off her hat
To walk down the Promenade du Midi;
But her hair is so blond
And the blue of her eyes
Competes with the sea.

Lord X thinks her silly,
But oh! so charming.
He has lost one arm in the war,
But the single one left him
Holds his lady's waist ever so tightly,
And he knows how to dance

Miss Nobody from Berlin
Is all a-thrill—all excitement,
For there is the captain as well—
The captain who has but one eye,
Because he gave the other one
To his country.

But that one eye of his
Holds the intenseness of two
In its sparkle. Has not Lord Nelson
Lost one eye and one arm
In a glorious battle?

Miss Nobody has just seen
The film before she came.
She feels very much like Lady Hamilton,
Only — here are two Lord Nelsons—
What a dilemma!
Shall we help her to choose?

EMMY DENGHY.

GOLFING 1820.

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820——Still going Strong!

GOLF. *A game of great antiquity. Originally Scottish—now universal. Banned at one time in Scotland, where in 1457 it was enacted that "Golfe be utterly cryit downe and nocht usit."*

JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

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PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
"It's the Tobacco that counts"
Player's "MEDIUM" Navy Cut CIGARETTES 10 for 6d 20 for 11½d

Fashions Fancies

CHEZ WORTH

Simplicity spells youth, and gracefulness engenders charm. This, in effect, is the basis of M. Worth's belief in the psychology of clothes. He therefore sponsors colourful sports suits for morning wear, and enlivens travelling wraps with vivid flag scarves. The normal waistline is often hinted at, and sometimes definitely stressed, while in length the skirts reach just below the knee

For afternoon ensembles he uses heavy crêpes in pale shades, enriching the coats with huge collars of dyed fox. Tessellated yokes and hems distinguish many of the dresses, and coloured tassels appear at the base of V necks. Coatees are a feature of his collection of evening gowns, and so are deep, transparent hems, and single shoulder straps, richly jewelled, and novel in design

An evening coat which adopts a most unusual line. It is of cream satin, ornamented with rows of stitching. The magnificent collar and cuffs are of black fox, and the lining is of sable-hued velvet

This gown of black net is described by Worth as "a compromise between the hopes of the couturier and women's struggle against long dresses." It is a sheath frock, cut quite short in front, with flowing draperies at the sides and back, the embroidery being carried out in pearls and diamanté. The little coat of lustrous velvet harmonises perfectly with these lines. It is wrapped closely about the figure, and a trail of white gardenias is poised on the shoulder

The subtle drapery of this white satin beauté frock gives it an indefinable cachet. A motif of Wedgwood coq feathers rests lightly on the hip, and provides an effective colour note

COURT GOWNS AND WEDDING DRESSES

A Blaze of Jewels

THE first of Their Majesties' Courts will be held on May 9 and 10, and it is certain that the gowns worn on these occasions will be even more than usually beautiful. The scene will be a brilliant one, for blazing jewels, glittering embroideries, and colourful fabrics will create an atmosphere of vivid animation. Gold and silver are likely to predominate, for it is expected that Her Majesty the Queen will wear a golden gown at the first Court, while Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, forsaking her favourite blue, has chosen a rich red dress veiled with gold lace. Examples of the art of the jewellers of all times will be seen, for modern pieces will vie with family heirlooms of untold value. Light bandeaux and graceful coronets have practically superseded the heavy tiara, and such gems as carved emeralds and rubies will be used for wonderful necklaces.

Scintillating Embroideries and Rich Fabrics

SOME of the loveliest of the frocks which will be worn by débutantes are made of tulle, on which rests posies of delicate flowers. Chiffon or lace, encrusted with beads and pearls, and gorgeous brocaded ninons are being selected by those who are privileged to make the Presentations. One lovely gown has been made of white chiffon, brocaded with gold in a pattern which has left scattered blossoms of unrelieved white. It has trailing fluted draperies at the sides and back, and on the satin train is embroidered a rising sun in pale gold threads.

Bridal Fashions

IT is usual for brides to attend Court in their wedding dresses, and this adds to them a final touch of glamour. White, or those shades which are just off-white, are adopted by most of the girls who are at present busily acquiring their trousseau. Those who are very young are choosing cloudy dresses of tulle with flowing veils of exquisite lace, moiré and satin being favoured by those who admire more classic gowns. Head-dresses are made to fit closely over the hair. Circlets of orange-blossom buds worn across the top of the head are very becoming, especially when made of tinted orange blossom in soft rose or gold nuances, and so are Juliet caps of horsehair studded with diamanté or pearls, with clusters of flowers over the ears. Green leaves are introduced to throw into relief the waxen beauty of the blossoms.

Beautiful Wedding Gowns

HAPPY the bride who elects to choose the clothes for herself and her retinue at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street and Regent Street, for there she can find everything that she can possibly need, expressed in the newest and most attractive terms. For instance, the head-dresses described above were seen in their salons, and so were the dresses depicted below. The wedding gown is of white net with embroidered motifs of silver threads and beads, the waist being outlined by a swathed band of silver tissue. The bridesmaid wears a frock of apple-green satin and lace, on which is posed shaded velvet flowers with diamanté centres. The children are clad in Kate Greenaway costumes of primrose satin, with kilted georgette frills.

A Springtime Vogue

NOT for many seasons has the vogue for tailor-made suits been as pronounced as it is this Spring. That they are considered indispensable is a matter for congratulation, since most English women look their best in such garments. Their effectiveness will be demonstrated in an attractive manner when Burberrys hold a series of Mannequin Parades at their Haymarket House from Monday, April 29, to Friday, May 3, at 11.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. Their newest costumes, sports suits, and coats will be shown, as well as coloured Burberry Weatherproofs, which have been designed for wear on formal occasions.

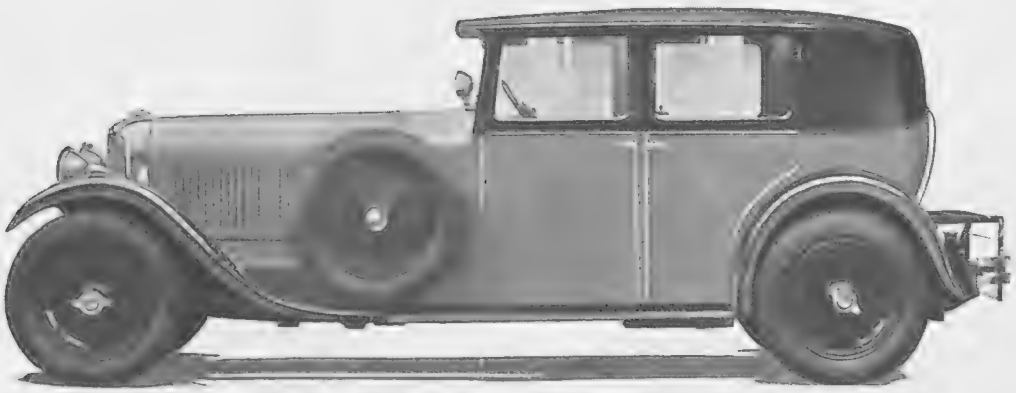
SKETCHED BY MARLA TYRRELL

Particularly appropriate for a Spring wedding is this scheme, sponsored by Peter Robinson. The bride's dress is of white net embroidered in silver, and the bridesmaid is clad in apple-green satin and lace. Primrose satin fashions the little Kate Greenaway costumes

BENTLEY

COMBINING for the first time all the desirable assets of a Town Carriage with the fascinating features of a Sporting Car.

"In my opinion it is the most silent and controllable fast car in the world, and is one of the finest examples of British Engineering skill." *Ref. M.P./1029.*



6½ Litre Speed Model

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Telephone: Regent 6911. *Telegrams: "Benmotlim, Phone, London."*

Northern Sales Depot
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Newcastle-on-Tyne.

World Exporters:
Rootes Ltd.,
Piccadilly, W.1.

New Summer Hats

A very youthful hat in the new coarse lace straw. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, and is simply trimmed with three bands of Petersham ribbon

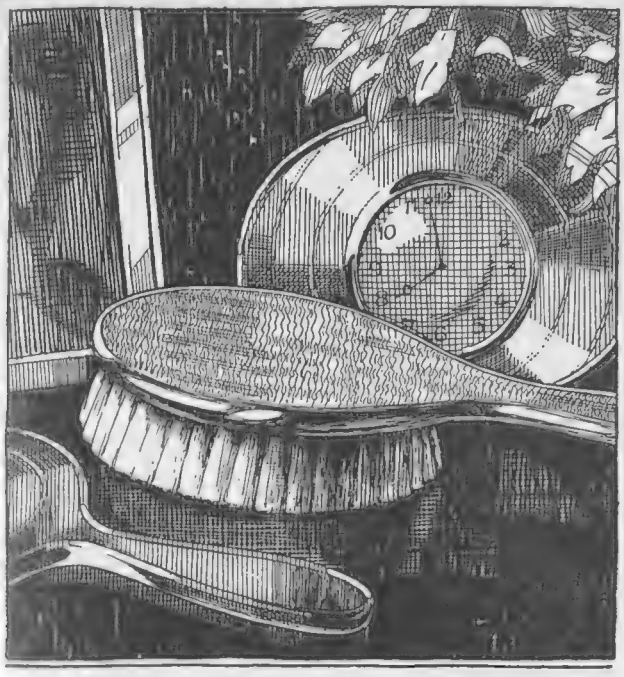
This shady hat forms a flattering frame for the face. It is of yellow felt threaded with strips of shiny black straw, and it is sponsored by Marshall and Snelgrove

The mushroom-shaped hat still holds its own. The one above is carried out in felt, on which is imposed a brim of shiny straw. (Debenham and Freebody)

Photographs *Blake*

Picture hats are the natural complement of flowing dresses. Debenham and Freebody have used fine black pedal straw, swathing the crown with wide Petersham ribbons

From Debenham and Freebody comes this charming version of a very chic mode—that of the matching hat and scarf



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Silverware, hitherto fragile as a flower, is now rendered strong as steel by a wonderful new process! By this process pure silver is electrolytically deposited to brushes, mirrors, photo frames, boxes, calendars. Unlike the ordinary method of manufacture, no filling material is used. The silver becomes once and for all part of the object it adorns. Therefore no article of B.M.C. Silverware can dent, fracture or deteriorate. Ask to see this Britannia Hall Marked Silverware with the stamina of steel—or write to us for the name and address of your nearest distributor

B.M.C. SILVERWARE

BRITISH METALLISING Co Ltd

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It takes all sorts to make the Kit-Cat!

An American millionaire who has just cornered the market in guano, talking in dictaphonic idiom. A personage or so, not to mention some citizens of no mean borough. A famous playwright dreaming over a demi-tasse and the thoughts of a last act. More theatre—the leading lady of the Footlight Follies. Two bronzed men, one back from the Oberland and the other fresh from the hinterland of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Westminster represented by someone who is more than a back-bencher!

The Kit-Cat is nothing if not cosmopolitan. People who know what's what gravitate naturally to the Kit-Cat. This "whatness" of the Kit-Cat is a mixture of good company, perfect service and a sublime cuisine. Mixture as before!

The second season of

ABE LYMAN and his CALIFORNIANS

is now in full swing

DINNER 17/6 SUPPER 15/6 & LUNCH 5/-

Kit-Cat

RESTAURANT

Regent 6044

MOTOR NOTES

CIVILISED PHILISTINES

By E. M. WRIGHT

PERHAPS I am a mere philosopher, but I am not satisfied to keep my place in an endless stream of cars for hours at a stretch. The main road is merely for me a means to an end, and as soon as a suitable occasion offers I hasten to turn off and follow quiet byways through countryside that even in these days of universal motoring still retains its peaceful rural atmosphere. I am not satisfied to crowd into some wayside hostelry and eat an indifferent lunch with a hundred others. Far less am I satisfied to pull up anywhere at the side of a main road and take my ease amidst the ceaseless din of passing cars. But there are thousands of motorists who are so unenterprising that they will never turn to the right or the left, however attractive the road may appear, nor will they even pull off into some quiet byway when they halt for lunch or tea. "The country," for such people, seems to be merely that part of England which is not yet built over. Give me my well-thumbed map, a picnic basket—serviceable but not elaborate—and I shall show you how to enjoy a holiday jaunt such as the "civilised" philistine has never dreamed of.

***

THE Morris people have just added to their popular range of cars an attractive new model which should appeal to motorists who desire to take every advantage of the fine, sunny weather, which we hope will fall to our lot during the coming months. This is the 14-28 h.p. Morris-Oxford six-light fabric saloon with sliding roof. A large sliding panel opens up the whole of the front half of the roof, while permitting of complete protection from bad weather when the roof is closed. A week's test under a lawn sprinkler failed to disclose any leakage of water into the interior. The four-door body is covered in blue or red fabric, with leather upholstery to match, and the interior furniture is in attractive "period" style. A single-pane windscreen is fitted, and sliding windows in the front doors, while there is a dash-operated ventilator. The price of the saloon is £260, or with Triplex glass all round £272 10s.

IN FLORIDA

Mr. W. E. Rootes, Managing Director of Rootes Ltd., of Devonshire House, Piccadilly, who accompanied Major Segrave on his famous trip to America, in an orange grove beside his Hillman Straight Eight. His firm are the world exporters of the Hillman cars

***

FOR many a motorist touring in England has become too tame, and constantly we hear of modern knights errant—or their female equivalent—who deliberately set out in search of adventure to lands where roads are not, or are, at the very best, but poor apologies for the same. A particularly interesting description of a woman motorist's trip across Europe from Antwerp to Athens in a 16 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam has just been published in the form of a well-illustrated and very well got-up booklet, which, I understand, can be had free from the Sunbeam Motor Co. (Moorfield Works, Wolverhampton). The author—and her car—

(*Continued on page* viii)

Get ready for summer days with a 15 h.p. "Exmouth" Saloon. Luxurious comfort and ample room back and front—the convenience of a sliding roof which without stopping the car opens to let in the Spring sunshine or closes to keep out the Spring showers.

The All-British Standard sets a new standard

A seven-bearing crankshaft — a four-speed gear box equally suited to the man who likes to live "on top" all day or the man who prefers to play with his gears — an underslung worm for more space—these are attractions for the technically appreciative.

Standard Nine Saloons from £185
6-cyl. Fifteen "Exmouth" Saloon £325

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1-15

THE GODDESS OF AUTOMOBILES

PATRICIAN
in performance

Being well brought-up, this Minerva "18" knows its place and goes there with commendable alacrity. It never grumbles at the steepest hill or the highest speed. Its whole performance bears mute testimony to the excellence of its construction. Truly, a patrician among cars, yet its price is practical.

32/34 H.P. Standard Enclosed-Drive Limousine £1450
20/24 H.P. Standard Enclosed-Drive Limousine £1250
All models fitted with Dewandre vacuum brakes.

The 6-CYLINDER 18 h.p.
MINERVA
FOUR-DOOR SALOON
£575 complete

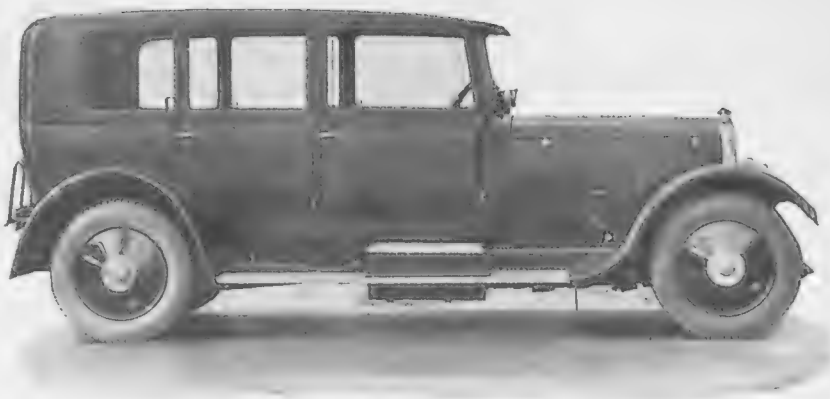
MINERVA MOTORS (ENGLAND) LTD.,
Head Office, Showrooms and Works: CHENIES STREET, W.C.1

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page vi)

had a thrilling journey through the Balkans, and even if readers are not tempted to sample at first hand the "delights" of a Balkan village inn, or personally to cross the ill-famed Dragoman Pass, they will find plenty of excitement and amusement in the author's account of her hair-raising adventures. It is worth noting, by the way, that "Dushka" (by which name the car was christened), fully stood up to her arduous task.

***

THE Editor, who has made motoring a hobby for more years than he says he cares to boast about, is fired with enthusiasm over the performances of the Hillman Straight Eight which he was testing recently over stretches of open road. "I drove," he tells me, "from Sleaford to Lincoln, some 24 miles, up hill and down dale, at 60 miles an hour as the road is almost dead straight, and we only occasionally glimpsed a car meeting us. The extraordinary thing was that at 60 or even approaching 70 m.p.h. at some periods there was not the slightest vibration, and we might have been gadding along at a mere 30. Taking the steep Citadel hill at Lincoln, out of the medley of traffic at a crawling pace, I accelerated from about four miles an hour and would have climbed that conical curiosity without changing gear had not a large motor lorry, driven as they nearly always are—execrably—suddenly obstructed me.



A handsome and roomy six-seater enclosed-drive 21 h.p. Lanchester Fabric Limousine. This six-cylinder car is black in colour, with a thin relieving line of blue on the waist moulding, and is upholstered in grey Bedford Cord

"I FOUND her very economical on petrol for a car of such speed and power—although the tax is only £20 annually—and the four-light Weymann saloon body, to say nothing of other luxuries such as Triplex glass, Dewandre brakes, and so on, left me in a state of complete bewilderment as to how the Hillman Straight Eight, with its evenly balanced eight-cylinder engine, can possibly be sold at £485. My friends are enraptured with the car, and I should think more than one new Hillman client has arisen through my little northern trip." There is nothing I can add to this.

***

THE car parking at the Aldershot Tattoo, which takes place from June 18 to 22 inclusive, has again been entrusted by the Aldershot Command to the R.A.C. Motorists who attended last year will remember the almost machine-like precision with which the various parks were cleared of the enormous number of vehicles dealt with, totalling upwards of 32,000. This was made possible by a system which will again be adopted this year, i.e., by grouping the roads radiating from the Tattoo ground into four sections, each group feeding certain definite areas and being designated by colours, as under:—North: Route A, Red—Farnborough, Bagshot, London; South: Route C, Brown—Farnham, South of England; East: Route B, Blue—

(Continued on page x)

HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

No. 1.—DIFFICULT STARTING.

THERE are three main causes of difficult starting: (1) Faulty carburation; (2) weak spark; and (3) gumminess of the oil in the engine and the gear box. Sometimes two, and not infrequently all three, of these causes are present at the same time. To counteract the first, see that there are no air leaks in the induction system, that the petrol passages and jets are free from obstruction, and that the air strangler closes properly. For the second, see that the plug points are not too far apart (they gradually burn a larger gap and need periodical inspection, say, once every three months); also see that none of the plugs is shorting internally, that the contact breaker points in the magneto are separating—but not more than the thickness of a visiting card—and that the distributor is clean.

LAGONDA FETE

The Directors of Lagonda Ltd. invite all readers of *The Bystander* and their friends to the 3rd Annual Lagonda Fête on Saturday, April 27th, at 11.30 a.m. Races and Competitions, with prizes for every event.

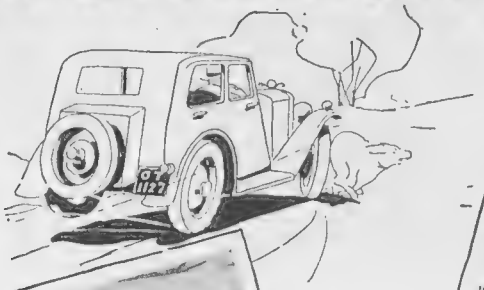
Tickets of admission, inclusive of tea, can be obtained FREE from Lagonda Ltd., Staines, Middlesex, or through any Lagonda Agent.
Please mention *The Bystander*.

The new Lagonda 3-litre "Special" (6-cyl.) and the new Close-Coupled Saloon models will be available for inspection and trial.

LAGONDA LTD., STAINES, MIDDLESEX
Telephone: Staines 122 - 123
Telegrams: "Lagonda, Staines"

APRIL 27th
BROOKLANDS

"I should have been very badly cut about"



The following is an extract from a letter from the owner:-

Dear Sirs,

"I was going about 35 miles per hour when a dog crossed the road - I tried to avoid same, got on to the grass, skidded, turned right round and the car turned over with the result shown by photograph. I can truly say if it had not been for your glass I should have undoubtedly been very badly cut about

(Signed) A.D. HUNTER."

"Triplex" Regd -and be safe!

Make sure it's Triplex; look for the 3 X's in a circle; this Trade Mark is on all Genuine Triplex Glass.

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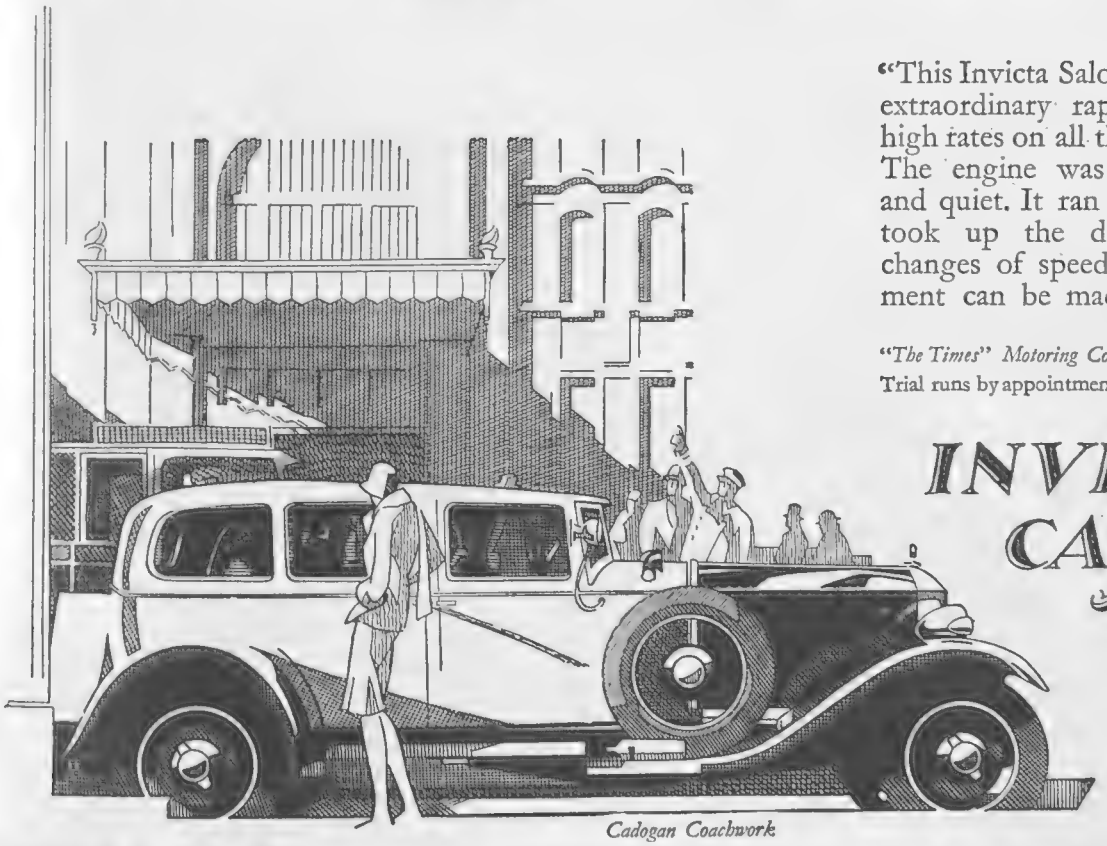

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"This Invicta Saloon accelerates with extraordinary rapidity and gets to high rates on all the gears very soon. The engine was tractable, smooth and quiet. It ran coolly. The clutch took up the drive properly and changes of speed with quick movement can be made without noise."

"The Times" Motoring Correspondent, 26 Feb., 1929

Trial runs by appointment. Tel. Nos. Regent 2608/9

INVICTA CARS

INVICTA CARS SALES CO 11 ALBEMARLE ST LONDON W1 *Phone Regent 2608/9*

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page viii)

SMALL BUT POWERFUL

A baby elephant displaying great interest in a new British light car to reach Durban. The name of the car is the Triumph Super Seven, but the name of the elephant is not recorded

Aldershot, Guildford, London; West: Route D, Yellow—Fleet, Wokingham, Reading, South-west and West of England. This system obviates cross traffic and permits of the roads being used as one-way routes.

***

In accordance with the usual practice, badges for the car parks will be issued in advance, and in applying for badges motorists are requested to state by which route they propose *to leave* the Tattoo. They will then receive a badge coloured to correspond with the route to be followed on the homeward journey. In each region there are four types of parks at prices ranging from 12*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*, according to position and date. The R.A.C. recommends motorists visiting the Tattoo to attend on one of the early dates, as it is found that the volume of traffic is greatest at the end of the period during which the event is held. Actually, of the 32,000 vehicles dealt with during the five days of last year's event, no fewer than 10,269 were handled on the last day. The success of the scheme depends on motorists applying for their car park badges in advance, in order that they may be placed in the correct park when they arrive. All cars arriving at the Tattoo without badges will be sent into the parks adjacent to the routes by which they arrive, and on leaving will have to conform to the traffic arrangements in force for these parks. Applications for information regarding car parking and traffic arrangements, and for reserved berths in the parks, should be made to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

***

In the galleries at last Olympia I came across what appeared to me the most marvellous cleaner and polisher I had yet seen, called Komposill, which is sold in tubes. The demonstration consisted in actually scraping sandpaper across enamelled panels, thus producing marks which are usually considered to ruin coachwork. Komposill was applied and, with a little hard rubbing, entirely obliterated the marks. I came home and immediately instructed our local ironmonger and hardware merchant to get a supply for me, and when he did not know of it we almost had high words. Nowadays, however, it is better distributed, and I can thoroughly recommend it both for cleaning and polishing. I have seen it remove marks made by hot plates on a polished table.

E. M. W.

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The Imperial Air Route to India

The BRISTOL "Jupiter" and the Armstrong-Siddeley "Jaguar"

Engines used throughout this new Service of Imperial Airways all have their efficiency and reliability ensured and maintained by

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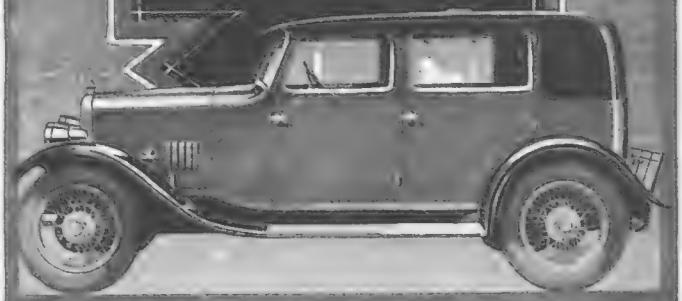
SILVER EAGLE

a car never before equalled even by Alvis



ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO. LTD
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London Distributors: Henlys Ltd., Henly House, Euston Rd., N.W.

FORCING BIDS and STOP BIDS

By "ACES EASY"

THE two types of bid I propose to discuss this week have been christened, the former by Wilbur C. Whitehead; the latter by R. F. Foster. In the books in which these are described there is much of value and more of interest, but the grave disadvantage of the hands submitted to analysis lies in the fact that they are all so big that they may, despite their normality of distribution, be regarded as freaks. Nevertheless, freaks *do* occur from time to time; and a freak is very convenient both to point a moral and adorn a tale.

❋

A FORCING bid is of two types: a bid of less than game and a bid of more than game. It guarantees a further bid in the hand and demands that the bidding be kept open to enable this further bid to be made. If the bid is for less than a game contract, the bidding is to be kept open to arrive at a bid of three no trumps, four of a major or five of a minor: if of more than game, the bidding is to be kept open for a possible slam.

❋

THE original call of two is *always* a forcing bid. Even a trickless hand, if it have any hope of a making card and average support in the suit named, should give it a "courtesy" raise. Foster recommends the partner of a two-spade bidder to bid three spades on: Spades, 10-4; Hearts, J-9-7-4; Diamonds, 6-5-4; Clubs, 8-6-3-2! I deprecate so optimistic a bid myself, wanting either three spades or a king in the hand, but a forcing bid (*i.e.*, an original bid of two) is gasping to speak a further word, and it should not be allowed to perish for want of it without a struggle.

❋

AGAIN, consider a redundant overcall: South (dealer) calls a club; West, two spades on: Spades, A-Q-J-6-5; Hearts, K-Q-10-4; Diamonds, A-Q-2; Clubs, 3. North passes on hand with five spades, 10 high, and East calls three hearts on: Spades, 9; Hearts, A-9-7-3-2; Diamonds, 9-8-6; Clubs, A-9-5-2. This apparent "denial" keeps the bidding alive, and enables West in this case to support the hearts to a slam, and, had his bid been on different cards, to show a second suit or no trump, or to rebid the spades.

❋

FURTHERMORE, dealer bids a diamond, and it is passed to fourth hand who holds: Spades, A-Q-9; Hearts, A-J; Diamonds, 10-5; Clubs, A-K-10-9-4-2; what is he to do? The distribution is woeful for a negative double; no trumps is not to be thought of. Remains the club suit. Two clubs will spur the partner to no heights, but three clubs—the redundant overcall—brings a response of four clubs on five to the queen-jack and the heart king, and the original caller rebids to game.

❋

A HAND on which I disapprove of a forcing bid is shown by Whitehead: dealer holding: Spades, K-Q-5; Hearts, A-10; Diamonds, A-9-8-5-4; Clubs, A-K-4, bids two diamonds. I prefer to reserve the opening bid of two for a really big suit. On this hand I should bid (if invulnerable) one no trump; if vulnerable, one diamond.

❋

THE practice among experts is, when approaching a slam contract, never to allow a game bid to intervene: the contract is either less or more. Foster gives this hand: Spades, 7-5; Hearts, A-K-Q-J-7-2: Diamonds, A; Clubs, A-6-4-3, and calls two hearts; second hand calls two spades; third hand, on; Spades, A; Hearts, 10-9-5-4-3; Diamonds, J-10-9-7; Clubs, K-Q-J, three spades; dealer, four clubs; third hand, six clubs; dealer, seven hearts—the game contract is never touched.

❋

TO perceive the working of the stop bid, here is a classic example: Dealer, holding Spades, A-K-Q-J-6-3; Hearts, K-Q-10; Diamonds, A-Q-7-3; Clubs, —, bids two spades and, second hand passing, the bid is kept open by dealer's partner on a woeful hand with three small spades. Dealer now goes four diamonds, but signals against trying for slams are set by his partner, who puts in the "stop" bid of four spades. No sane dealer is going on in the face of that call.

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Several AXMINSTER PILE CARPETS, scarcely soiled, from 3 GUINEAS; also several choice Real Persian, Turkey, and other Oriental makes of lovely design and colourings.

BABY GRAND PIANOFORTE, Exquisite tone, offered at 78 GUINEAS, and Uprights from 10 GUINEAS.

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DOGS

SOME COMING EVENTS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE Dog Show at Bath to-morrow, Thursday, has attracted leading exhibitors from all over the country. That the Dogs will be content is assured by the fact that Spillers bench and feed, and, so far as the human element is concerned, a big attendance is certain. At the same time there will be an interesting little Show at Cambridge; and next week will bring bigger functions at Portsmouth, Cheltenham, Ayr, and other centres.

THE steadily increasing number of sportsmen of both sexes who recognise the importance of the part played by the British Gundog—by long odds the best sporting Dogs in the world—should note that the revised Field Trial Rules and Regulations have now been issued by the Kennel Club and are in force. They are extraordinarily interesting functions these Field Trials, and, like the Sheep Dog Trials of the late summer and autumn, present wonderful spectacles of canine skill and intelligence. Details of coming fixtures can be had from the K.C., 84, Piccadilly.

THAT last year's National Dog Week, with its allied Tail-Waggers' Club and its own excellently-turned-out illustrated journal, is an institution that has come to stay, and one that is going to serve the interests of the doggy world in practical fashion, is undeniable. "The Kennelman" learns that just upon 1,200 new members were added to the roll during two days of one recent week. Inquiries should be addressed to Capt. H. E. Hobbs, 37-38, Temple Chambers, E.C.4.

Express Photos

Beauty, a champion who holds 69 prizes, photographed with her month-old puppies. They are the property of Mrs. Hazle

"WE are bent upon having two Dogs, and they must be small, but we are depressed by a letter from a doggy friend, who writes: 'For goodness sake, don't consider the Toys. Apart from the fact that they're hardly Dogs at all in the true sense, their smallness dooms them from the outset to be weaklings and molly-coddles. Why not one of the sporty Terrier breeds?'"

WITH all deference, it falls to be said that the allegedly "doggy friend" is talking, or writing, through his hat, and very stupidly at that. The official designation "Toys" was never a happy one, and to-day it's worse than any terminological inexactitude, for it's an anachronistic misnomer—a wash-out. Many of the absurdly so-called "Toys," such as Griffons, Pekingese, Poms and Pugs, are the keenest little sportsmen. The "Lap-dog" era, thank goodness, has gone the way of other *démodé* forms of namby-pambyism. A few foolish human pamperers survive, of course, who make martyrs of their Dogs by means of sloppy feeding, but the cruel-kindness of these few back numbers is not specially directed at the "Toys." No breed is immune from it. Dog-owners of every class have acquired better understanding now, and *Hard Food* is the wise rule with the vast majority.

ON LAKE BOURGET. At the foot of Mt. Revard.

UNIQUE CENTRE FOR EXCURSIONS IN THE FRENCH ALPS.

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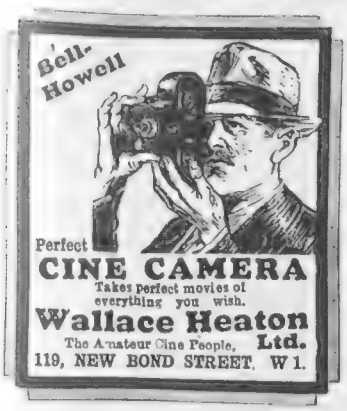

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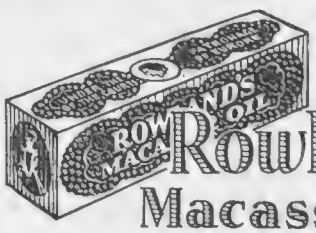

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THE GOURMET

A Luncheon Menu by EMILIA

Tranches de Saumon (Sauce Piquante)

TAKE two or three slices (according to numbers) of salmon not quite an inch in thickness and lay them in a marinade composed of oil, salt, lemon juice and herbs for an hour. Then place the slices of salmon on an oiled gridiron and broil over a clear fire or the gas grill. Serve with the following sauce: Prepare some mayonnaise sauce, adding to it a small quantity of French or ordinary mustard, a few minced gherkins, a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, and a small quantity of chopped chives or spring onions. This sauce is served cold.

Filet de Bœuf aux Champignons (Sauce Poivrade)

CUT a piece of fillet in slices three-quarters of an inch thick and trim them to a shape about three and a half inches long and three inches wide. Lard these with fat bacon and put them into a sauté pan with some brown sauce and a gill of sherry. Cook gently, and when done glaze them and dish them in a circle. Fill the centre with a pyramid of small mushrooms mixed in poivrade sauce. This is a brown sauce, with vinegar, shallots and parsley.

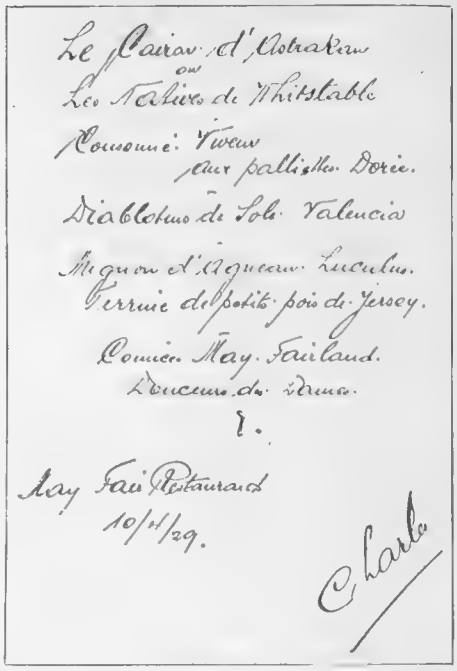
M. Charles Wiednecht, the Restaurant Manager of the May Fair Hotel

Soufflé au Chocolat

TAKE a small tablespoonful of cornflour, mix it smooth with a gill of milk, add 2 oz. of white sugar and 2 oz. of butter. Stir well over the fire till it boils. When cool stir in the yolks of three eggs and 1 oz. of grated chocolate. Mix all together till quite smooth; beat up the whites to a stiff froth and stir it into the mixture. Put it in a soufflé dish and bake in a slow oven for forty minutes.

Aigrettes d'Anchois

SEASON some fillets of anchovies with a dust of pepper, a little salad oil and chopped parsley. Then drop them into boiling fat and fry for six minutes. Have ready some rounds of fried toast and dish on to these. Serve very hot.



The menu of a dance-supper served at the May Fair Hotel at the charge of 12s. 6d. per head. It has been signed by the Restaurant Manager

Sardines à la Diable

HAVE about twelve good-sized sardines, drain from the oil and wipe them, sprinkle with mustard and cayenne. Fry them on both sides in butter and send to table on strips of buttered toast.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Empire Day

For the fourth year in succession the British Empire Union will issue to as many children as possible a medal, a photograph of which appears on this page, to be worn on Empire Day, May 24. This medal is issued solely to encourage patriotism and not for profit, and it cannot be issued to political organisations nor may it be used in connection with the activities of any Party political organisation. Last year the demand for these medals, which are of bronze, was greater than ever—in fact, many orders had to be turned down owing to inability to compete with the rush of last-minute requests. The striking and assembling of medals naturally takes some time, and potential purchasers who wish to guarantee getting their consignment in time for Empire Day should, therefore, place their orders by April 30. The prices of these bronze medals, which are being struck at the Royal Mint, are one shilling each up to 100 and include bar brooch attachment and ribbon, and over 100 at the rate of £4 10s. per hundred. Medals without bar brooch attachment cost sixpence each. Full particulars of all Empire Day arrangements may be obtained from the British Empire Union, 180, Piccadilly, W.1.

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At the Royal Tournament

The Musical Drive at the Royal Tournament is to be given again this year by "M" Battery R.H.A., whose display has been a main feature of recent tournaments. The Battery is at St. John's Wood as the unit for London District duties, but leaves at the end of the year, so that the Battery is giving its farewell display. It will place a full equipment of six guns in the arena for wonderful figure-making at a fast pace. The personnel will be the blue, red and yellow full dress of the Royal Horse Artillery, with thirty-six horses in the teams. The animals are trained to a remarkable degree of intelligence and the practices now taking place at St. John's Wood Barracks, in Regent's Park, indicate that the Musical Drive in its newest form will be of exceptional interest. The Battery is an old Indian one, dating back to East India Company days, and it took part in the Afghan campaign with which the world conflict concluded. It is a Battery which has two historic siege reliefs to its credit—Lucknow and Mafeking. It was one of the Batteries which was rushed to Cairo after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

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The Obverse of the Empire Day Medal, issued by the British Empire Union

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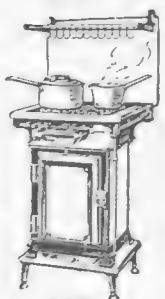

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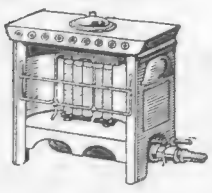

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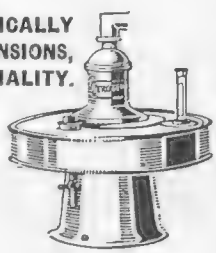

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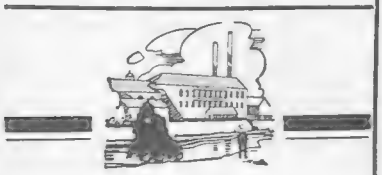

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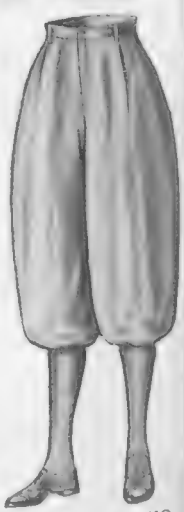

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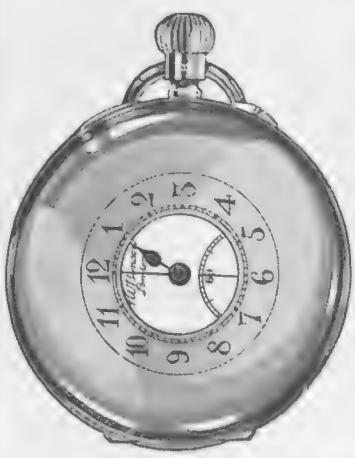

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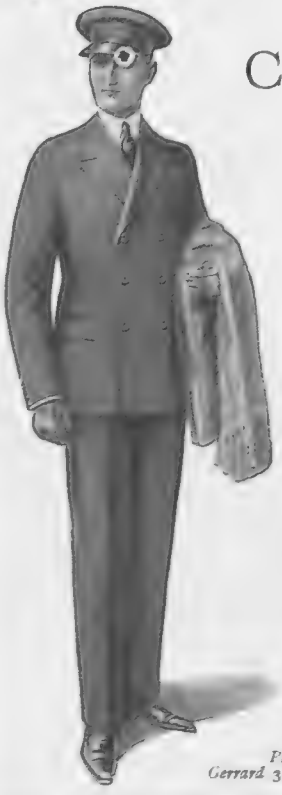

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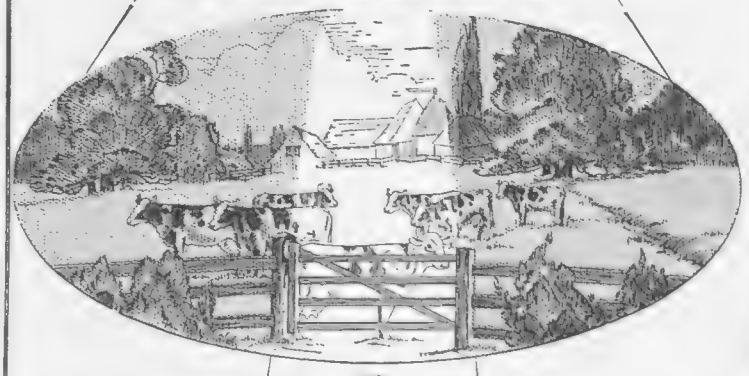

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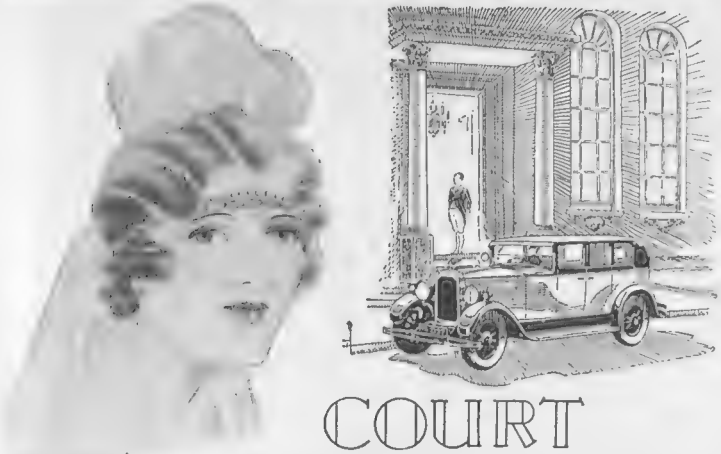

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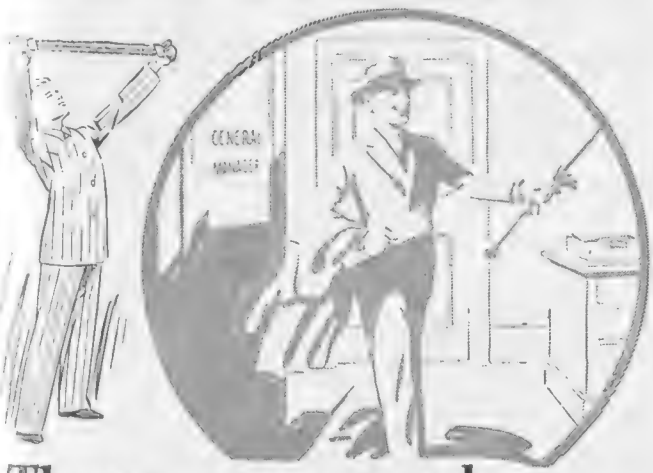

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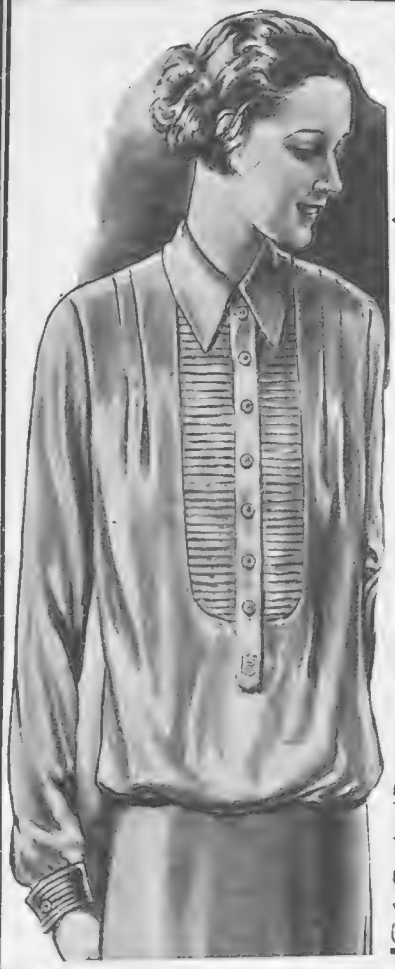

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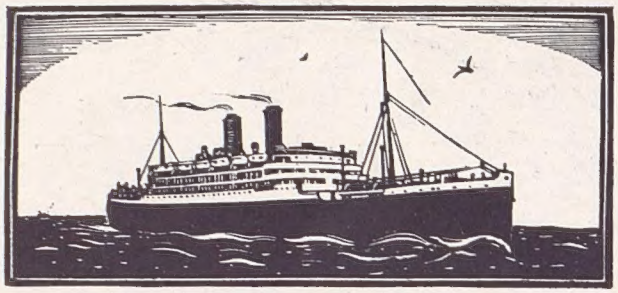

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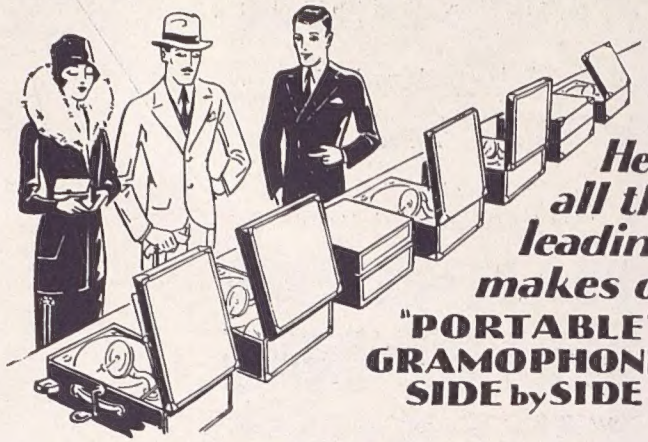

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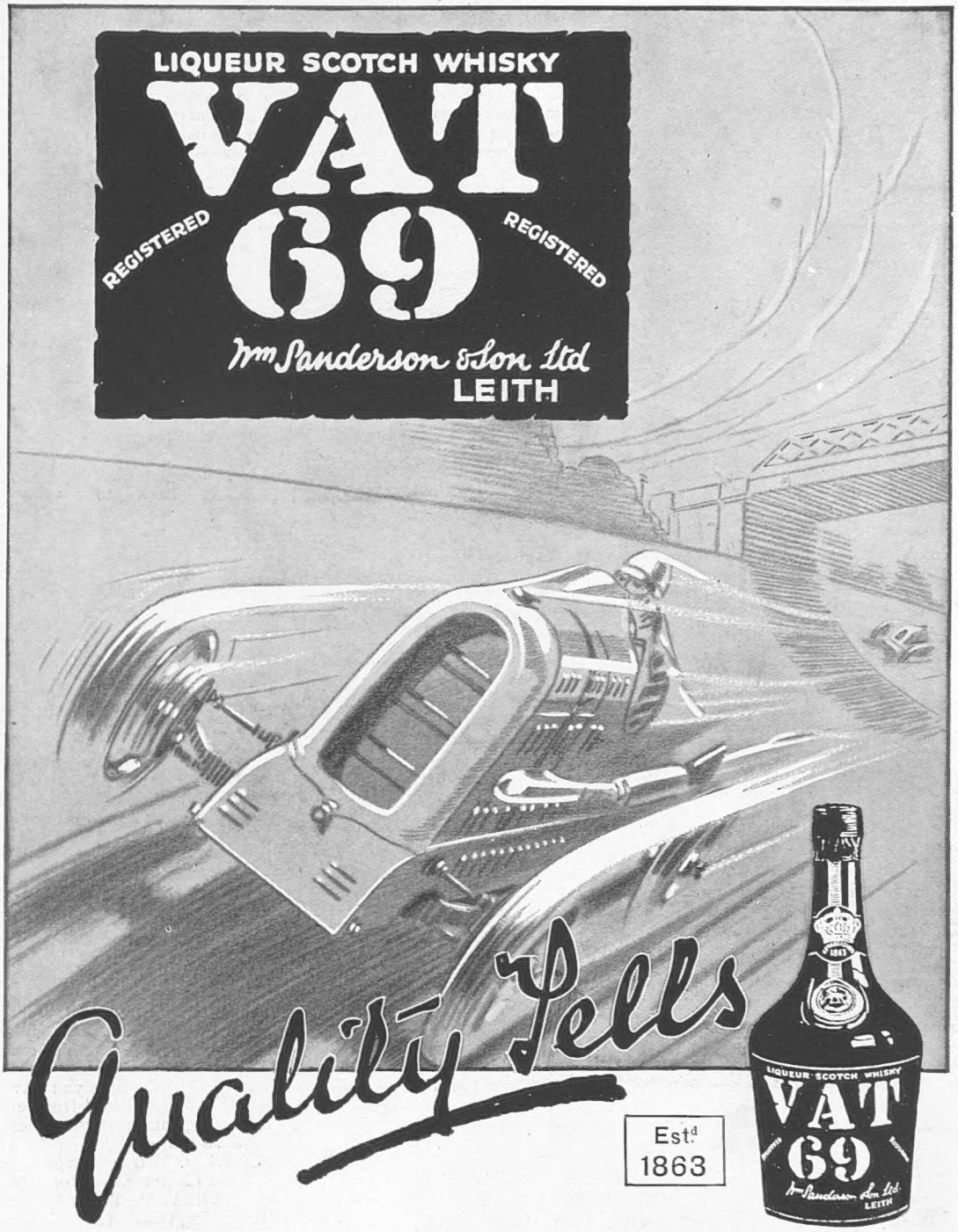

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